

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 01482705 9

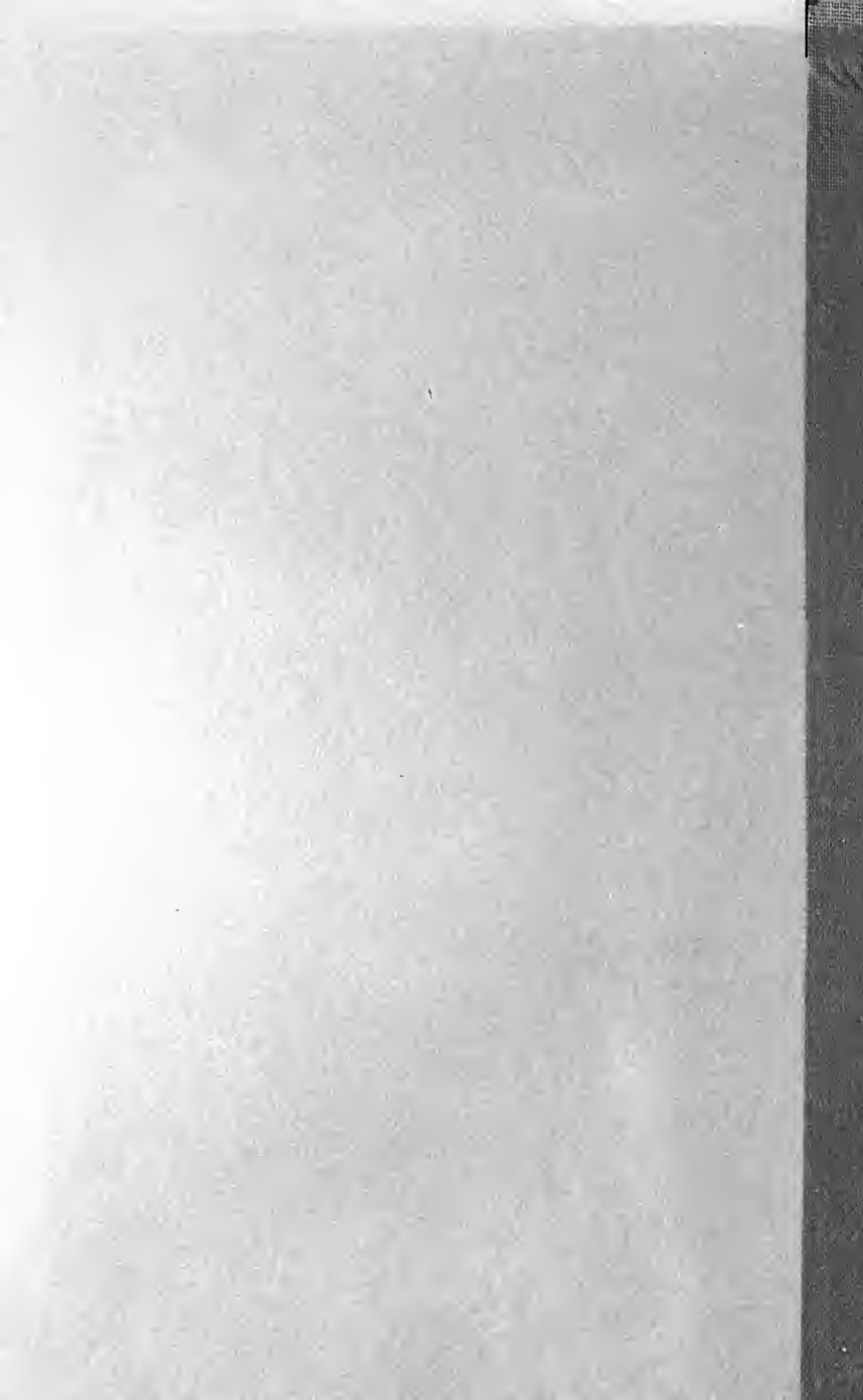
Knowles, James Sheridan
The bridal
Original completa ed.

PR

4859

K5B7

1880



DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS.

THE BRIDAL.

BY J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.



ORIGINAL COMPLETE EDITION.—PRICE ONE PENNY.

** THIS PLAY CAN BE PERFORMED WITHOUT RISK OF INFRINGING
ANY RIGHTS.

LONDON: JOHN DICKS, 313, STRAND.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DICKS' BRITISH DRAMA.

ILLUSTRATED.

Comprising the Works of the most celebrated dramatists.

Complete in Twelve Volumes, price One Shilling each ; per post, Fourpence extra.

- Vol. 1, contains:* The Gamester—Jane Shore—The Man of the World—Love in a Village—Pizarro—The Mayor of Garratt—The Road to Ruin—The Inconstant—The Revenge—The Jealous Wife—She Stoops to Conquer—Douglas—The Devil to Pay—The Adopted Child—The Castle Spectre—The Rivals—Midas—The Stranger—Venice Preserved—Guy Mannering—Fatal Curiosity.
- Vol. 2, contains:* A New Way to Pay Old Debts—The Grecian Daughter—The Miller and his Men—The Honeymoon—The Fair Penitent—The Provoked Husband—A Tale of Mystery—The Wonder—The Castle of Sorento—The School for Scandal—The Iron Chest—George Barnwell—Rob Roy Macgregor—Cato—The Pilot—Isabella; or, the Fatal Marriage—The Lord of the Manor—Arden of Faversham—The Siege of Belgrade.
- Vol. 3, contains:* Edward the Black Prince—The Critic; or, a Tragedy Rehearsed—Bertram—The Foundling—Brutus; or, the Fall of Tarquin—Giovanni in London—Damon and Pythias—The Beggars' Opera—The Castle of Andalusia—John Bull—Tancred and Sigismunda—Cymon—Werner—Paul and Virginia—The Three Black Seals—The Thieves of Paris—Braganza—The Lily of the Desert—A Trip to Scarborough.
- Vol. 4, contains:* Lady Jane Grey—The Gold Mine—Fazio—The Orphan of the Frozen Sea—The Hypocrite—The Curfew—Every Man in his Humour—The Quaker—John Felton—The Turnpike Gate—Prisoner of State—The Duenna—The Roman Father—The Provoked Wife—The Waterman—The Maid of Honour—Evadne—The Merchant of Bruges—Speed the Plough—No Song, no Supper—The Courier of Lyons—Barbarossa.
- Vol. 5, contains:* Bothwell—The Claudestine Marriage—Alexander the Great—The Padlock—Therese, the Orphan of Geneva—In Quarantine—One o'Clock; or, the Wood Demon—The Robbers of Calabria—All the World's a Stage—Zara—The Life-Buoy—The Foundling of the Forest—One Snowy Night—The Wheel of Fortune—Pipermans' Predicaments—The Meadows of St. Gervaise—High Life Below Stairs—The Maid of the Mill—The Dog of Montargis—Rule a Wife, and Have a Wife—The Soldier's Daughter—Thomas and Sally.
- Vol. 6, contains:* El Hyder; the Chief of the Ghaut Mountains—The Country Girl—A Bold Stroke for a Wife—The Child of Nature—The Lying Valet—Lionel and Clarissa—Who's the Dupe—The West Indian—Earl of Warwick—The Panel—Tom Thumb—The Busy-Body—The Wedding-Day—Such Things Are—Under the Earth—Polly Honeycomb—The Duke of Milan—The Miser—Atonement.
- Vol. 7, contains:* The Belle's Stratagem—The Farm House—Gustavus Vasa—The First Floor—Deaf and Dumb—The Honest Thieves—The Beau's Stratagem—The Tobacconist—The Earl of Essex—The Haunted Tower—The Good-Natured Man—The Citizen—All for Love—The Siege of Damascus—The Follies of a Day—The Liar—The Brothers—Lodoiska—The Heiress—The Dragon of Wantley.
- Vol. 8, contains:* Tamerlane—Monsieur Tonson—A Bold Stroke for a Husband—Cross Purposes—Father Baptiste—Count de Narbonne—All in the Wrong—The Virgin Unmasked—The Mysterious Husband—The Way to Keep Him—The Jew.
- Vol. 9, contains:* The Every One has his Dealer—Appearance is in Him—The Distressed.
- Vol. 10, contains:* Martin's Trials—Vows—My Spouster Office—The Guard—The Guard.
- Vol. 11, contains:* The and She Would—The Maid of the O—The Poor Gentle—First Love—Des—Farmer's Wife—Blame
- Vol. 12, contains:* The

LIBRARY
10 1955
980055
C
The Way to Keep
ings to Your Bow—
arter—The Double
Lover—The Deuce
idents—What Next
ter Marriage—Old
guetism—Lovers'
emians—The Re-
The Tender Hus-
Vives—She Would
—School for Arro-
Confederacy—The
s Husband—Chro-
ard Cœur de Lion—
degoat—Rosina—
Recruiting Sergeant
Are—He's Much to

THE BRIDAL.

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY JAMES S. KNOWLES.



Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 16.]

First performed June 26th, 1837.

JANES, King of Rhodes	Mr. Haines	ASSASSIN	Mr. Andrews.
LANTIVS	Mr. Macready.	DION	Mr. Bishop.
INTOR	Mr. Elton.	EVADNE, wife to Amintor	Miss Huddart.
IPPUS, brother to the king	Mr. Saville.	ASPATIA, formerly betrothed to	
HILUS, brother of Melatius		Amintor	Miss Taylor.
and Evadne	Mr. J. Webster.	ANTIPHILA, lady attendant of	
ON	Mr. Worrell.	Aspatia	Miss E. Phillips.
IANAX, kinsman to Aspatia	Mr. Selby.	CLEANTHE, ditto	Miss Wrighten.
HAS, keeper of the prison	Mr. Gough.	OLYMPIAS, ditto	Miss Gallot.
ATO	Mr. Harris.	DULA, ditto	Mrs. Humby.
GORAS	Mr. Hart,		

COSTUME.

ARCANES.—Yellow satin shirt, richly ornamented with various coloured stones. Crimson satin cloak, white silk stocking-pantaloon, black velvet sandal-shoes, gold band round the head.

MELANTIUS.—Blue shirt, thickly covered with silver studs, with crimson sleeves, and cap and cloak to match, flesh leggings, and russet sandal-shoes.

AMINTOR.—White kerseymere shirt, slashed with blue satin and trimmed with silver, cap and feathers, white silk stocking-pantaloon, and white sandal-shoes.

LYSIPPUS. Purple embroidered shirt, the sleeves slashed with yellow satin, white silk stocking-pantaloon, black-violet sandal shoes, and cap and feathers.

DIPHILUS.—Blue velvet shirt spotted with gold stars, cloak and cap to match. Blue silk stocking-pantaloon, and sandal-shoes.

CLEON.—Light green embroidered shirt and cloak, white silk stocking-pantaloon, and white sandal-shoes.

CALIANAX.—Scarlet embroidered shirt, scarlet stocking-pantaloon, cap to match, and black velvet sandal-shoes.

ARCHAS.—Brown shirt trimmed with black, brown leggings, and black sandal-shoes.

STRATO.—Puce merino shirt, and black velvet cloak, trimmed with gold, white silk stocking-pantaloon, and white sandal-shoes.

ASSASSIN.—Crimson shirt, steel breastplate and helmet, flesh leggings, and russet sandal-shoes.

DION.—*Ibid.*

EVADNE.—1st. dress: White satin richly trimmed with silver fringe, wreath of white and silver flowers. 2nd. dress: White muslin and lace veil.

ASPATIA.—1st. dress: White muslin. 2nd. dress: Orange merino shirt, with large white merino sleeves trimmed with blue; white silk stocking-pantaloon, and sandal-shoes

ANTIPHILA.—White muslin edged with rose-coloured muslin.

CLEANTHE.—White muslin.

OLYMPIAS.—White muslin edged with black and rose-coloured muslin.

DULA.—Yellow silk, trimmed with black.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance* P. S. *Prompt Side* O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.

RC.

C.

LC.

L.

♦♦ The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

THE BRIDAL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A room in Aspatia's house; a large window, centre opening upon a balcony overlooking the city; a door S. E. R. half open; an empty chair in centre, on which is a lute; ANTIPHILA is discovered, employed on a large piece of embroidery, L. Above her, on L., a lady painting. On R., a table, at which are seated DULA, OLYMPIAS, and another lady, at work on a tambour-frame, with a vase of flowers on a stand before them. Above them, on R., two ladies with needlework. Distant shouts, laughter, and music.*

Dula. Good faith, I'm weary of this task! To sit thus moping, while the whole city rings with mirth,

And, save ourselves, each maiden twines within Her hair the flowers, we must be fain to toil at!

(*Music, and laughter.*)

Nothing but music and merry voices, since The sun rose. Antiphila, must we sit here till night!

Ant. If it be our lady's will, I have no wish To cross it: e'en in her happier days I never would; now in her sorrows I'd Rather die than do it.

Dula. Oh, so would I,
And all of us;—and I'd sit patient, nor Think of a masque or show. (*Music, and laughter.*)

Hark! how it sets
One's spirits bounding! I declare, Antiphila, I cannot hold my needle; my fingers are Quite weary.

Oly. But thy feet would move as nimbly In the happy dance, as the wild pulses of Thy heart itself!

Dula. May we not send to ask The sudden cause of these new revels?

Ant. What Is it to us?

Dula. To us?—I'd give the world To know! (*Shouts, laughter, and music.*) Again!—

Oh, let us take a look

At least, Antiphila, on the gay scene!

Ant. Dula, for shame! sit still.

Dula. Well; if I may not Even by look or word humour my curious Appetite, I may at least make harmony At home with the gay minstrels, that I hear Abroad; and I will do so. Now Olympias—

Ant. Ah, happy girl! would that thou couldst instil

Some of thy mirth into Aspatia!

Dula. She is in love; hang me, if I were so But I could run my country. Where's the lute?— Tell me, Antiphila, if e'er you heard A merrier strain than this?

ASPATIA sings without, 3. E. R.

SONG.

"Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear,
Say, I died true;
My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth;
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth?"

(*Dula puts the lute down on table, R. and returns mournfully to her seat.*)

Oly. It is our lady!—

Ant. Yes; sweet lady!—see,
See, if she has not spoil'd all Dula's mirth!

(*Shouts, laughter, and music.*)

Enter CALIANAX, R.

Cal. Know ye what makes this uproar thro' the city?

Ant. We have not heard, my lord.

Cal. My fears guess at it!
They said Aspatia was here.

Ant. Not long
Ago she left us; as I think,
To hide the tears, that swelled into her eyes,
When thoughtless Dula in her idle vein,
Talked of the young Amintor.

Cal. Curses on him!
The traitor! Does she still feed her sad humour?

Ant. Yes; she is heart-stricken
Her watery eyes are ever bent to earth.
She carries with her an infectious grief,
That strikes all her beholders. She will sing
The mournfull'st things, that ever ear hath heard
And sigh and sing again; and when the rest
Of our young ladies, in their happy moods,
Tell mirthful tales in course, she will bring forth
A story of the silent death of some
Forsaken virgin in such phrase, and with
So sad a look, that ere she end, alas!
She'll send them weeping one by one away.
See, where she sits, as she were turned to marble!

Cal. My poor cousin! a feller blow, than that
Which struck thy heart, was never dealt by man!
The breath of kings should be like that of gods,
Healing and not destroying, but its foul taint
Has withered all thy hopes. (*Music, and shouting.*)

This merriment
And music jar like discord on my vexed
Spirit. Antiphila, try thy best skill
To soothe thy mistress' sadness, while I learn
The strange event that stirs this revelry.
I will return forthwith.

[*Exit Calianax, L.*]

Ant. 'Tis all in vain;

Words have lost power upon a grief like hers.
She comes.—

Enter ASPATIA, door 3. E. R. *Her dress neglected, and her hair loose upon her shoulders. She sinks into chair, c.*

Dear lady—dear Aspatia. Speak
To her, Dula.

Dula. Madam, 'tis holiday
To-day, for all the city; be it so
To your sad thoughts, and make it so to us
By one sweet smile.

Asp. It were a timeless smile should prove my
check;

It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,
When, at the altar, the religious priest
Were pacifying the offended heavens
With sacrifice, than now.—This should have been
My bridal day, and all your hands employed
In giving me a spotless offering
To young Amintor's bed!

Ant. Leave this talk, madam.

Asp. Would I could, then should I leave the
cause.

Did you ne'er love, my girls? tell me, Olympias.

Oly. Never.

Asp. Nor you, Antiphila?

Ant. Nor I.

Asp. Then, my good girls, be more than women
wise;

At least, be more than I was; and be sure
You credit anything the light gives light to
Before a mau. Rather believe the sea
Weeps for the ruined merchant, when he roars;
Rather, the wind courts but the pregnant sails,
When the strong cordage cracks; rather, the
sun

Comes but to kiss the fruit in wealthy autumn,
When all falls blasted.

(Rises and walks about.)

Perhaps he believed me worthless!

But, till he did so, in these ears of mine,

These credulous ears, he pour'd the sweetest
word

That art or love could frame. No more—no
more.

Show me the piece of needlework you wrought.

Ant. Of Ariadne, madam?

Asp. Yes, that piece.

Ant. 'Tis here.

(Showing embroidery, L.)

Asp. This is Theseus? he's a co'z'ning face.

Is it not he?

Ant. Yes, madam.

Asp. 'Tis well done.

But where is Ariadne?

Ant. There, madam.

Asp. Oh, you have missed it there, Antiphila;

These colours are not dull and pale enough

To show a soul so full of misery,

As this sad lady's was. Do it by me;

Do it again—by me, the lost Aspatia.

Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now;

Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the
wind,

Wild as that desert, and let all about me

Tell, that I am forsaken. Do my face

(If thou had'st ever feeling of a sorrow)

Thus, thus, Antiphila. Strive to make me look
Like sorrow's monument; and the trees about
me,

Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks

Groan with continual surges; and, behind me,

Make all a desolation! Look, Antiphila;
A miserable life of this poor picture!

Ant. Dear Madam!

Asp. I have done.

(Sinks into chair, c.)

(Sings).—"Tell him, should he chance to chide,
That it was for him I died."

Enter CALIANAX, L.

Asp. Alas! poor lady!

Cal. (Crosses to R.) It is a tyrant's will—

A traitor's deed; coward no less than traitor!

Why stay ye here? Why join ye not the throng
Of fools and knaves, that, with most courtly
mirth,

Shout, laugh, and frisk, as a king wills they
should?

Ant. It is our lady's pleasure, we are here

Cal. Go, get you in—my passion speaks before
My better thought; go, good Antiphila,

(Crossing to Antiphila.)

And ply your tasks within.

[Exit ladies, R. door 3 E.]

Aspatia, listen.

I have that to speak calls for your best atten-
tion.

Asp. My kind cousin, what would you say to
me?

Cal. Dry up your tears. Aspatia! oh, my
tongue

Can scarce give utterance to the news, I come
To speak.

Asp. I know it all.

Cal. Who was the officious

Fool that blabbed it to thee?

Asp. A fool indeed,

A fond, believing kiss—my heart—Calianax;

That practised faith so long, it has learnt at
last

Even to trust its fears. Amintor weds

To-day!

Cal. Would it be denied, or hid

From thee!

By the king's own command (his heralds

Trumpet it in every street), Amintor

Weds Evadne.

But to the world, even at the altar, 'fore

Himself and his affianced minions,

Thy wrongs and innocence shall be proclaimed,

Though I pull down my death upon my head.

Asp. And add another to my many griefs?

I have enough without thy help, dear cousin.

Cal. Too much, poor girl; my very heart weeps
with thee.

Asp. Then I will weep no more; for if I do,
You shall not see me, cousin. I have a thought,
That kindles here like hope, to steel me 'gainst
This weakness. Will you attend me?

Cal. Whither?

Asp. To the court.

Cal. The court! what have you found it,

But a place privileged to do men wrong?

What would you there?—Where is your pride?—
your shame?

Asp. I ne'er knew shame, save of ill thoughts;
nor pride,

If proud I ever was, but of such shame.

I'd see the king—

Cal. Aspatia! that tyrant?

Asp. There's doubt and fear in thy fixed gaze, my
friend;

I am not mad;—come with me to the king.
 All that in life I'd keep, even the wish
 To live, alas! I lost with my Amintor;
 In my death
 I would not my fair name were cast away!
 Come to the king; (*crosses to L.*) my misery so
 sets me
 Above all fear, that even him I most
 Should fear, and shudder at, I now can coldly
 Look on; come, Calianax, your presence
 Must support me;—I have no ear for counsel,
 Come, dear cousin!

[*Exeunt L.*]SCENE II.—*A Hall in the King's Palace.**Enter KING and STRATO, L.**King.* These things are done?*Str.* They are.*King.* Run't o'er again:

What circumstance of state have we omitted,
 Which, in our love to young Amintor, ought
 To grace his wedding-day?

Str. The preparations

Are full, my lord, and high, as were yourself
 About to lead a bride.

King. I'd have them so.(*Crosses to L.*)

It was proclaimed a holiday?

Str. It was.

And will be held as such. The citizens
 Keep closed shops; and one and all prepare
 To make their houses gay. Already some
 Hang out their cloths, of bright and vary'd dyes;
 Some their festoons of flowers, their banners some.
 The streets are throng'd with happy looks, boys,
 girls,

And men and women, by your grace set free,
 And ready for rejoicing.

King. Have they prepar'd, ere moves the cavalcade,

An ample shower of roses, to disperse

Among the waiting crowd?

Str. They have, my liege.*King.* And coin to scatter as we pace along?*Str.* They have.

King. 'Tis well. My harness have they stuck
 With white rosettes, as I directed?

Str. Yes.*King.* 'Tis well; 'tis very well. And to my coach

Have they prepared to yoke my finest steeds?
 I would be chief

In doing honour to the nuptial day,
 That weds Amintor.

Str. Turn where your highness may,
 You shall not see that faulty thing, wherein
 Your pleasure's not reflected.

King. Bravely done;

Go, and inspect my body guard. (*Strato crosses be-*
 hind to R.) I'll have

About me nought,
 That does not look and speak a lusty joy
 To give Amintor greeting.

[*Exit Strato, R.*]

Yes, Amintor,
 Thy joy is mine—if that be joy to thee.
 For that I blasted thy Aspatia's name,
 And feign'd a thriving suit, whose suit did fail,
 My love held cheap for thine.—Yet not my love—
 That was, and is another's. Rather 'twas
 Hate for the manly graces, which betwixt

Me and my pleasures stand; and give thee sway
 Where chief I'd boast to reign.

Enter DION, R.

Dion. The fair Aspatia
 Entreats an audience of your highness.

King. Who?*Dion.* The fair Aspatia.*King.* Straight admit her.[*Exit Dion, R.*]

How?

Aspatia crave an audience!—She that from
 My court withdrew herself—repulsed my visits—
 My costly presents spurn'd!—What brings her?—
 Woman,

“On slights finds nature in her, which before
 She never dream'd she own'd—perceives attrac-
 tion

In arms she shunn'd, shut out from those she
 sought.”—

My heart, more quickly that performs its function
 At mention of her visit, says she's welcome!—

'Tis not her beauty—'tis the chariness,

With which she hoards it, that I'd master.—She,

Second in place to many in my court,

In person, too, surpass'd by more than one,

In pride of chastity takes lead of all.—

Gods! but she's humbled, when she stoops to
 crave

An audience of me;—me!—'gainst whom her door

An hundred times she shut!—To pay me visit!—

Fresh from her toilet, doubtless;—nor before

She turn'd her back—and went—and turn'd again

For warrant of her mirror.—Now, to see

The wonders of her wardrobe, beauty's arsenal,

Wherefrom it arms itself for conquest!

Enter ASPATIA and CALIANAX, R.

How!

Is it Aspatia that I look upon?

Asp. If thou can'st read a sorrow in mine eye,

Complexion, form—deep, melancholy, clear,

Wherein do lie a maiden's drowned hopes,

Pride, peace, rank, fortune, youth—say life itself,

It is.—If not, why then it is a stone,

And not Aspatia that thou look'st upon.

King. How she persuades my vision!—Sweetly
 doth

Affliction dress her!—Sweetly!—It doth well

To take the gaudy rose away, and leave

Nought but the lily!—She becomes it!—Well,

To quench her sparkling eyes, which now, like dew

In cups of flowers of amaranthine dye,
 Shine weepingly.—Who's that?—Calianax!

What dost thou here, Calianax?

Cal. Attend

Upon my kinswoman.

King. Attendants wait

Without! Hence!—Leave us!

Cal. By her wish I stay.

King. 'Tis mine thou go!—Art thou assistant to
 Our conference?—Art thou her tongue?—her eye?

Her thought? her wish, she cannot do without?
 Well?

Cal. I'm her kinsman, sir.*King.* And I'm her king

And thine, though thou wert fifty kinsmen to her
 Dost thou withdraw? (*Crosses to Calianax.*)—Dost
 hear me?—In a word.

She speaks with me alone, or not at all.
Asp. Leave us, Calianax.

King. He does not well

To know our will, and dally in the doing on't!
Thou heardest!—Thou art dismiss'd—Thy kins-
woman
Gives thee thy leave.—Thou dost intrude on her,
If not upon thy king.
Cal. My liege, I heard
My kinswoman.

[*Exit Calianaz, R.*]

King. Hadst thou a boon to ask,
And he, of whom thou'dst ask it, sought excuse
To meet thee with denial, lady, he
Had found it in thy friend.

Asp. A boon, my lord.
I come to ask. O king, (*kneeling*) be just to me;
Or, if not just, be merciful to me.
Thy breath hath killed my virgin name;—thy
breath

Can give it life again;—O, bid it live,—
Ought it to die?—The body does not die,
While lives the heart.—Thou know'st the heart of
that

Is quick and healthful sound.—What thou
averr'dst

To young Amintor, that inflicteth death,
Where death ought not to be, unsay—deny,
As said in jest, to wake his jealousy,
Or try how deeply love had taken root
In a young virgin's heart:—else, while the priest
The proud Evadne makes Amintor's wife,
Command the sexton dig a grave for me!

King. No more of this.
What kin art thou to death?—Death hath not
blood!—

His veins are empty—thine are full.—His flesh
Is cold—and thine is warm.—His heart is still—
Thine beats.—He's loathsome, and life shrinks
from him—

Thou'rt sightly, sweet, and life doth cling to
thee.—

What is Amintor?—Body, face, and limbs,
Senses, thoughts, feelings, are not his alone,
But properties as well of other men.
Believ'st thou, hearts of flesh can wish but once?

Asp. (*Starting up.*) So please your highness, this
is not my suit.

King. 'Tis mine—and more will serve thee than
thine own.

Asp. My liege,
Pray you vouchsafe an answer to my suit.

King. Thou should'st be mistress to a king,
Aspatia!

Asp. I'd rather be a suitor, that did thrive.
King. Thou should'st be mistress to a king, I say.
Asp. Not a king's wife, that lack'd a kingly
heart;

Nor wife of him, that own'd one, save he were
The monarch of my soul. (*Crosses to R.*)

King. Hear me, Aspatia!
What's gold, that will not bring the worth of gold?
What is a gem, which you do know is one,
And yet the lapidary's skill condemns,
That none will take it a jewel's price?—
As good a bead of glass!—I see thou'lt list
To reason. Hear me, sweet Aspatia!

Rightly thou saidst, my breath, that kill'd thy
fame,
Can make it live again; and it shall do it.
Look, as thou prompt'st, I'll act.—I'll say—in
jest—

To move Amintor's jealousy—prove thee—
Or compass any other end, within
The range of likelihood—I own'd thee kind,

When to that maid-fForbidden mansion, thou
Unwittingly wer't lur'd.—Note further—this
Is fair Evadne's wedding-day—a word.
Shall change it into thine. An hour gone by,
Amintor leads her to the altar—there
Aspatia takes her place.—Thou mark'st?—Thy
name.

No sooner clear'd, and bright, as e'er it was,
Than for a brighter one exchang'd—the wife
Of young Amintor! Now, Aspatia,
Husbands, that hedge you in, do screen you too.
Aspatia, women I can name you, who
As wives are charitable, yet, when maids,
Were noted for a sordid penury.
Dear maid, thy silence and thy downcast looks
Are words and glances, that talk transport to
me!

It lacks an hour; now, give me only earnest
That such a wife, as I have named, Amintor
Will find in thee, and be Amintor's bride.
Thou hear'st me? Well! thou understand'st me?
Well!

Nay, if my tongue imperfect speaks the wish,
Let my knee tell it thee, Aspatia. (*Kneels.*)

Asp. Thou slave!

King. What say'st thou?

Asp. Art thou not a slave?
An abject, pitiful, and loathsome slave!
That to thy grov'ling passions stoop'st to kneel!
Nay, keep thy posture still, thou vicious man,
That wouldst a pander make of honour's hand.
Thou ruthless man! that, when I came in woo
To sue to thee, as I'd ask Heaven for help,
(Oh! most unlike to heaven!) to get my prayer
Wouldst have me damn my soul! Nay, rise not
yet

Bring to its knee the sin, that bent thy knee,
And then stand up a king! (*The King rises.*)
Heaven is my witness,
That I, thy subject, and the slander'd maid,
Slander'd by thee, to thee, my king, in vain
Applied to do me right; so thou repaid'st
The grace of heaven's anointing! Fare thee
well.

[*Exit Aspatia, R.*]

King. Perverse and shallow maid!

Enter STRATO, R.

Str. Good news, my liege.
Melantius' gallant fleet is hove in sight!
Moreover, by a vessel of swift sail,
Despatch'd before him, and just now arrived,
We learn he brings you victory. Much joy
To your highness!

King. Thank you.

[*Exit Strato, R.*]

Better that defeat
Had held him where he was!—He is a man
To read a troubled look; and, right or wrong,
Find out the cause on't. He is reckless honest;
A man, who to respect, must have a reason;
Who measures all by honour—full of action—
Of courage too, that needs not what it faces!
A nature which I loathe. He loves his sister—
Amintor too!—Why comes he at this time?
I thought to better purpose 'twas, I held
His promis'd succours back! But let him come,
Monarchs are many-handed men! We'll find
A way to deal with him, should he prove fro-
ward!

[*Exit King, R.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A magnificent hall in Amintor's palace: At the back a large arch, behind which a rich drapery conceals the preparations for the masque; two thrones with canopies, one 2 E. R., the other 2 E. L. STRATO, L. CLEON, R. and four attendants busied in arranging the apartment. Shouts of laughter heard without.*

Str. (L.) All seem so mad with riot, 'twould appear,
The very craftsmen had a kindred share
In young Amintor's joy. (*Shouts of laughter.*) The world is craz'd!
See to the minstrels and the masquers! (*two attendants exeunt, L.*) for all faults
The king will rail at us!
(*Without, L.*) Room for the prince!

Enter LYSIPPUS and two lords.

Lys. Where is the Lord Melantius? Not yet ashore?

Str. No, my good lord:—

Lys. Despatch more messengers.—
Let torches blaze along the beach to light
Him here; his great service would make poor our
Fullest welcome.—

[*Exeunt two attendants, L.*]

Str. Bring you no tidings from
The temple, prince?—'Tis now the only question.

Lys. I left Amintor and Evadne there
Before the altar; as the sacred priest
Held their joined hands in his,—
Blushing with eyes downcast, the lovers stood
Like the bright vision of an angel's dream,
Called by some god to life. Oh! may the knot
That they this night have tied, last, till the hand
Of age undo it! (*Shouts without, L.*)

Cle. The king!—Make ready there!

Str. No,—look, my lord, who 'tis, that is return'd
(*Shouts without, L.*)

Enter MELANTIUS and two lords, L.

Lys. Noble Melantius! the land, by me,
Welcomes thy virtues home.—But the time gives thee

A welcome above mine, or all the world's.
Mel. My lord, my thanks;—but these scratch'd
limbs of mine

Have spoke my truth and love unto my friends,
More than my tongue e'er could.—My mind's the same

It ever was to you; where I find worth,
I love the keeper, till he let it go,
And then I follow it.

Enter DIPHILUS, L.

Dip. Hail, worthiest brother!
He that rejoices not at your return
In safety, is mine enemy for ever.

Mel. I thank thee, Diphilus! But thou art faulty.

I sent for thee to exercise thine arms
With me at Patria; thou can'st not Diphilus;
'Twas ill.

Dip. My noble brother, my excuse
Is my king's straight command; which you, my
lord,

Can witness with me—

Lys. 'Tis true, Melantius.

He might not come, till the solemnity
Of this great match was past.

Mel. And for these gauds,
The succours to relieve my fainting soldiers
Were kept at home! (*Aside.*)

Lys. We have a masque to-night;
And you must tread a soldier's measure.

Mel. These soft and silken wars are not for me.
But is Amintor wed?

Dip. This very night.
They come now from the Temple.—I hear their music!

Mel. All joys upon him! for he is my friend.
Wonder not, that I call a man so young my friend.
His worth is great; valiant he is, and temperate,
And one that never thinks his life his own,
If his friend need it.—When he was a boy,
And I return'd from battle, he'd gaze on me,
And view me round, to find in what one limb
The virtue lay, to do those things he heard.—
Then would he wish to see my sword, and feel
The quickness of its edge, and in his hand
Weigh it:—he oft would make me smile at this.
His youth did promise much, and his ripe years
Will see it all performed.—Blessings be on him
And his fair bride, Aspatia!

Lys. You're mistaken!
For she is not married.

Mel. You said Amintor was.

Dip. 'Tis true, but—

Mel. Pardon me, I did receive
Letters at Patria from my Amintor,
That he should marry her.

Lys. And so it stood
In all opinion long; but your arrival
Made me imagine you had heard the change.

Mel. Whom hath he taken then?

Lys. A lady, sir,
That bears the light above her:—fair Evadne,
Your virtuous sister.

Mel. Peace of heart betwixt them!
But this is strange!

Lys. The king, my brother, did it;
Partly, for that foul rumour touch'd the fame
Of sad Aspatia, but his chief purpose was
To honour you; and these solemnities
Are at his charge.

Mel. 'Tis royal, like himself. But I am grieved
To think, that angry unfortunate should bear
On beautiful Aspatia.

(*Crossing to R., distant music heard, L.*)

Dip. Hark! they're coming
From the temple.—See—their torches flash a day
About them!

(*Melantius, Lysippus, and Diphilus retire to R. corner.*)

(*Without, L.*) Room there, make room!

Minstrels, virgins, and nobles enter in procession,
preceding AMINTOR, EVADNE, and the KING;
they fill up the back of the stage.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

Fairest goddess, queen of loves,
Soft and gentle as thy doves,
Beauteous mother of delights,
Happy days and happier nights,
Ever young, and golden tressed,
Be this fair for ever blessed!

Lys. My lord, the bridegroom!

Mel. I might run fiercely, not more hastily,
Upon my foe.—I love thee well, Amintor:—

I joy to look upon those eyes of thine:
Thou art my friend—but my disordered speech
Cuts off my love.

Ami Thou art *Melantius*:
All love is spoke in that. *Melantius*
Returns in safety! Victory sits on thy sword
As she was wont. May she build there and dwell,
And may thy armour be, as it hath been,
Only thy valour and thy innocence!

Mel. I'm but poor in words—

King. (Crossing to him.) *Melantius*, here are
friends impatient

To claim right in thee.

Mel. My sovereign! (Kneels.)

King. (Raising and embracing him.) Thou'rt wel-
come; and my love is with thee still.

Mel. (Crossing to her.) Sister, I joy to see you,
and your choice:

You looked with my eyes, when you took that
man;

Be happy in him!

Eva. Oh, my dearest brother!

Your presence is more joyful than this day
Can be unto me.

Enter STRATO, c.

Str. (R.) Sir, the masquers wait
Your bidding.

King. *Amintor*, you are monarch
Of the night—dispense your own commands.

Ami. Let them attend. (The King goes to throne,
L., and sits. *Strato*, having given directions, comes
to the side of the King, with *Lysippus* and *Diphilus*.)
We shall but trouble you
With our solemnities.

(Leading *Evadne* to throne, R., placing
her nearest the audience.)

Mel. Not so, *Amintor*:

But if you laugh at my rude carriage
In peace, I'll do as much for you in war,
When you come thither. One word with you.

(*Amintor* advances R.) I fear
Thou art grown fickle, and that *Aspatia*
Mourns, forsaken of thee—on what terms I know
not.

Ami. 'Tis true, she had my promise and my
love;

Heaven knows my grief to lose her; but the
King,

On secret motives touching her fair fame,
Forbad our union, and made me make
This worthy change, thy sister, accompanied
With graces far above her.

Mel. Be prosperous!

(The minstrels, virgins, and nobles retire
on each side. The curtains are with-
drawn, and discover, variously
grouped, the heathen deities, *Flora*
and *Vertumnus*, L., *Thetis* and *Triton*,
c., *Ceres* and *Pan*, R., *Apollo* and
Diana above c., with their symbols.)

Dance of attendant nymphs to the following
chorus:—

All dear Nature's children sweet
Lay at the bride and bridegroom's feet,
To grace this happy night;
Richest gem the waters yield,
Fairest flowers of the field.
Every treasure,
Every pleasure,

Crown your days with fresh delight!

If there be a joy yet new

In marriage, let it fall on you!

(After laying at the feet of *Evadne* and
Amintor emblematic gifts, they retire
within the arch, and are closed in by
the drapery as they form themselves
into a group.)

King. (Rising.) A thanks to everyone.—Good
night, *Amintor*,
And fair *Evadne*;—we'll ease you of more
Tedious ceremony.—Attend the bride
With all due honours, ladies. (Coming down L. c.)
Eva. Happiness
Be with my sovereign lord!

[*Exeunt Evadne and ladies.*]

King. *Melantius*,
We must not part; our banquet would be poor,
And the full goblet, though to love upraised,
Want its diviner spirit without thee
To do our revels honour.—Once more welcome!
Joy and good night, *Amintor*!

Mel. (To *Amintor*.) Could I love thee
More, thou'st given me cause to do so—
But I cannot;—my blessing rest with thee!

King. Thy hand, *Melantius*.—Come—

[*Exeunt King and Melantius*, L.]

Ami. Much happiness unto you all—my friends,
good night!

[*Exeunt all but Amintor*, L.]

Would I could ease this fulness of the heart,
That almost aches with its excess of bliss!
Teach me, ye gods, to thank you, as I ought,
For all this store of blessings, never yet
In one man's lot poured with such boundless good-
ness!

I am too happy—

(*Aspatia* enters through drapery, c.)

Asp. At last he is alone—

My—my lord

(Comes down R.)

Amintor—

Ami. Heavens! *Aspatia*—Madam—*Aspatia*—I!
What would you—speak your will, madam;—
prithce

Keep in thy tears.

Asp. They flow despite of me;

I thought that I had wept them quite away,
For since we parted, it has been my only
Solace to weep and think of you.

Ami. How cam'st

Thou hither?—I would not have men see thee—
Asp. Oh! let them gaze—for human agony's
A favourite spectacle; and 'tis no sight
Of common suffering, they'd come to look on here.
Long hours I've watched in patient torture for
thee—

Ami. Thou dost awake feelings that trouble me,
And say, "I lov'd thee once." I dare not stay.

Asp. A moment yet, my lord;—'tis the last time
You ever may behold me.—If you were
False to me—

Ami. *Aspatia*!—false!—

Asp. Nay, I accuse

You not;—but if you were, forgive it, Heaven!
And may its pardon reach even his perjured soul.
Who causelessly has laid griefs on me, that
Will never let me rest!—My errand at
This hour is—to look once again upon you;
And to give to your own hands this paper—
'Tis a prayer you'll not deny, if I dare trust
A hope, that once deceived me.

Ami. Wrong me not;—

If it be aught that may content thee, and
In honour may be given, receive my promise;—
And begone:—*Aspatia*, leave me, for
Beholding thee, I am, I know not what.

Asp. I'll trouble you no more! (*Crosses to L.*)
Go, and be happy in your lady's love!
May discontent ne'er grow 'twixt her and you,
May all the wrongs, that you have done to me
Be utterly forgotten in my death!
Still I am prouder, prouder far
To have been once your love, though now refused,
Than to have had another true to me.
So with my prayers I leave you, and must try
Some yet unpractised way to grieve and die.

[*Exit, L.*]

Ami. Her sorrow strikes my heart:—methinks I
feel

Her grief shoot suddenly through all my veins.
I fear she has suffered wrong!—But why perplex
Myself?—The king was her accuser, and
With vouch of her inconstancy, forced me
To break my troth! what says her suit? (*Reads.*)
“My tongue shall pray for your happiness, though
mine eyes refuse to witness it. I carry my sorrows
far from you, and in my farewells commend
to your care a brother, whom too much love for
you has bereft of a sister's protection.—Be to
him what you would have been, had you never
doubted my truth, and when you find it spotless,
requite him with the kindness owed to me, the
lost *Aspatia*.”

Unhappy girl!—He shall be ever near me,
The inmate of my home and of my heart.
My soul sinks down within me; the light spirit,
Erewhile that lifted me from earth, is turned
To dust and lead;—No, no:—the messenger of love
Appears to chase the shadows, that e'er cloud
My joy.

Enter CLEANTHE, R.

Thou need'st not speak thy errand;
I know thou com'st, *Cleanthe*, to accuse
Me as a heedless spendthrift of rich time—

Cle. My duty, sir—

Ami. Oh! what a tone and look for *Hymen's*
herald!

A lip without a smile on such a night
Is a bad omen. I'll not listen to thee. (*Going.*)

Cle. My lord

Amintor, stay; your bride *Evadne*,
Waits you in the library.

Ami. What dost say?

Cle. She wishes thee to see you;—The noblest
Ladies, selected by the king to do
Her grace, she has dismissed, and unattended sits
In pensive mood, waiting your presence there.

Ami. What coy device is this?—*Evadne*?—Ha!
Does sickness weigh upon her?—is she ill?

Cle. My lord—

Ami. My lord?—My life hangs on a word,
Thou seest me suffer, yet prolong'st my pain,
To flatter me with forms; away, I cannot
Stop to question thee—*Evadne*! my *Evadne*!—

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE II.—The library of *Amintor*; a door,
U. E. R., half open; *EVADNE* discovered, and
seated at table, with light on it, L. M. S.

Eva. Was't not a step? (*Rising.*)—No;—there
has been scarcely

Time to give my message; (*brings down chair*) but
the fretful wish

Still lengthens out the time it would o'erleap.—

I hear his rapid foot upon the stair!—
'Tis he! (*Sits, L.*)

Enter AMINTOR, door U. E. R.

Ami. *Evadne*! let me look upon thee!—
Thank Heaven, my fears were false: health's
roseate blush

Still decks thy lovely cheek, and those bright eyes
Can blot all sad remembrance far away.—
But, dear *Evadne*, spare thy tender body;
The vapours of the night may reach thee here:—
And did thy thoughtful fondness send to chide
me?

Eva. No.

Ami. My best love: why art thou up so long?

Eva. I am not well.

Ami. Repose will banish sickness.

Eva. My lord, I cannot sleep:—nay—were my
couch

The single spot on earth, where I could hope
For rest, I would not seek it there.

Ami. And why,

Dear love?

Eva. Why?—I have sworn I will not—

Ami. Sworn, *Evadne*!

Eva. Yes, sworn, *Amintor*; and will swear
again,

If you will wish to hear me.

Ami. I'd hear no

Oaths, but those of love from thee.

Eva. Of love from me?—

Ami. How prettily that frown becomes thee!

Eva. Do you like it so?

Ami. Thou can'st not dress thy face in such a
look,

But I must like it.

Eva. What look likes you best?

Ami. Why do you ask?

Eva. That I may show you one less pleasing to
you.

Ami. How's that?

Eva. That I may show you one less pleasing to
you.

Ami. I prithee put thy jests in milder looks;
It shows as thou wert angry.

Eva. So perhaps

I am indeed.

Ami. Why? who hast done thee wrong?

Name me the man, and by thyself I swear

Thy yet unconquered self, I will revenge thee!

Eva. (*Standing up.*) Now I shall try thy truth.—

If thou dost love me

Thou weigh'st not anything compared with me;—

Life, honour, joys eternal, all delights

This world can yield, or hopeful people feign,—

Or in the life to come, are light as air

To a true lover, when his lady frowns,

And bids him “do this.”—Wilt thou kill this
man?

Swear, *Amintor*!

Ami. I will not swear, sweet love,

Till I do know the cause.

Eva. I would thou would'st!

Why, it is thou that wrong'st me:—I hate thee!

Thou should'st have killed thyself! (*Crosses to R.*)

Ami. If I should know that, I should quickly
kill

The man you hated.

Eva. Know it then, and do't.

Ami. (*Looking at her.*) Oh, no :—what looks so'er thou shalt put on,
To try my faith, I shall not think thee false :
I cannot find one blemish in thy face,
Where falsehood should abide.—This cannot be
Thy natural temper!

Eva. Put off amazement, and with patience mark

What I shall utter: 'tis not for this night
Alone I've sworn to our divorce—it is
For ever!

Ami. Great Heaven! I dream!

Eva. You hear right!
I sooner will find out the beds of snakes,
And with my youthful blood warm their cold
flesh,

Letting them curl themselves about my limbs,
Than break the oath I've sworn.—This is not
feigned,
Nor sounds it like the coyness of a bride.

(*Crosses to L.*)

Ami. Evadne!

What horrid fears rise sick'ning at my heart?
Art thou?—

She can but jest:—Oh! pardon me, my love!—
Yet satisfy my fear!

It is a pain beyond the hand of death
To be in doubt: confirm it with an oath,
If this be true.

Eva. Do you invent the form :—
Let there be in it all the binding words,
Demons and sorcerers can put together,
And I will take it.—I have sworn before,
And here, by all things holy, do again,
More than in name never to be thy wife!
Is your doubt over now?

(*Sits.*)

Ami. The only doubt, that e'er could shake my
soul,

Now makes my heart beat with a coward's motion;
What means this trembling o'er me?—There's a
cause,

For this, my honour shrinks to ask for, but
I'll know :—tell me—tell me—
Or by those hairs—which, if thou hadst a soul
Like to thy locks, were threads for kings to wear
About their arms—

Eva. Indeed!

Ami. I'll drag thee to the earth, and make thy
tongue

Undo this wicked oath, or on thy flesh
I'll print a thousand wounds to let out life!

Eva. I fear thee not.—Do what thou dar'st,
Amintor!

Every ill-sounding word or threatening look,
Thou show'st to me, will be revenged at full.

Ami. Woman! Evadne?—Am I then so vile,
So poor of heart, thou dar'st to fling a threat
Into my face?—Where are your champions?—
where!

Set them before me.—Death! I stand and prate,
Holding a coward parley with such insult,
As taints the life of honour, sheds the blight
Of infamy upon my unstain'd name!
Give me to know the man, would wrong me thus,
And though his body were a poisonous plant,
That it was death to touch, I have a soul
Will throw me on him.

Eva. I've too much care of thine and my own
fame,

To drag a fate upon thee, would kill both.

Ami. Thou canst not be—The thought is madness
to me!

I am afraid, some sudden start will pull
A murder on me!

Ye powers above! if you did ever mean,
Man should be used thus, you have thought a way
How he may bear himself and save his honour :—
Instruct me in it; for to my torn heart
There seems no mean, no moderate course to run :
I must live scorn'd or be a murderer.

Eva. This rage can do no good.

Ami. Evadne, hear me:

Thou hast ta'en an oath, which in itself is sin—
That I'll forgive—freely forgive thee all,
That can forgiven be :—say but, thou art not—

Eva. Why shouldst thou pursue

A question, that resolv'd makes only sure,
What known thou'dst wish to doubt?—Why dost
thou gaze

Upon me, as thy starting eyes would pierce
My soul's dark depths?—Is it not enough
To know, I love thee not?—The fate, that yokes
me

With thy humbler spirit, can lay no thrall upon
My sovereign will; my heart defies all bondage.
I love with my ambition, not my eyes.—
Be school'd, Amintor :—When pain's all the fruit
The tree of knowledge bears, who but the fool
Would reach his hand to pluck?—I've told thee all
Imports thee know,—and warn thee seek no fur-
ther.

[*Exit, L*

Ami. Have I my reason?—'Twas Evadne spoke!
Melantius' sister—my wife—new wedded—
Gracious gods! what am I?—What dread mystery,
What secret of disgrace, and death, and horror
Lies underneath her words!—Oh, man! vain man!
That trusts out all his reputation
To rest upon the weak and yielding hand
Of feeble woman!—It is Heaven's justice!
The faithless sin, I made,—weak, credulous fool!—
To fair Aspatia, now is well reveng'd :
It follows me.—But I will know the worst,
E'en though to know it goad me into murder,
And my own death should follow!—'Tis my fame,
And honour, both enforce me to it; I
Have never disobeyed them.—She shall speak.

[*Exit, L.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A hall in Amintor's palace, with door in
R. flat. A chair on each side.*

Enter MELANTIUS and DIPHILUS, L.

Mel. It sounds incredibly!

Dip. You would have trusted
Me once?

Mel. And will still, where I may with justice
To the world;—but to believe such actions
In my king were treason to him. Heard you not
Dion say, that even now Lord Strato bears
To Amintor and our dear Evadne

His royal master's greetings?—A love like his,
So prodigal of goodness, can no alliance hold
With lust and cruelty :—No more—thou'lt anger
me. (*Crosses to L.*)

Dip. Not for the truth, Melantius; and men's
lives

And ladies' blighted names can vouch the history,
Thou'rt loath to hear.

Mel. I must not hear it.
Licentiousness, oppression, murder!—'tis
A monster, that, thou paint'st! (*Strato enters from
door in flat, R.*) The name of king,
Though it bore thunder, should not stay my fury,
Were this true, from throwing on him the stain
And fate of tyranny,

Str. (*Coming down c.*) You speak loud,
If you talk secrets, sir—

Mel. My speech requires
Your comment and attention, lord, as little
As it fears your kind report. Listeners are
Ever babblers.

Str. Boldness becomes you, but 'twere well
To treasure it 'gainst a time of need—(*Crosses, to
L.*) another
Visitor is on his way;—farewell!

[*Exit Strato, L.*

Dip. Shall I
Not silence him! (*Touching his sword.*)

Mel. Be patient, boy; he has
No power to wound my honesty:—see who
approach?

Enter CLEON, DIAGORAS, lords, &c.

Cle. Is not the bridegroom here?—Good day,
Melantius!

Our love would pay the customary greetings
To Amintor and your sister.

Mel. Our errand was the same;
I'll seek them for you.

[*Exit Melantius, R.*

Cle. Are we too early?

Dip. No: Lord Strato, whom you met, had
borne

E'en now salutations and congratulations
From the king, precursors of his presence here
Unto Amintor.

Enter AMINTOR *door in flat, R.*

Cle. From the king!—he rains
His royal favours on him; 'tis his love,
That weighs Amintor's virtues

Dia. See, the bridegroom!

All. Joy to Amintor!

Ami. Who's there?—my brother!

Dip. Yes;

Come with the worn-out wish, that every day
Be blither than the last.—

Ami. Amen! amen! (*Crosses to L.*)

Cle. It makes men happier to think you happy,
And, most of all, your friends, who tell you so.

Ami. You are all welcome:—come—shall we be
merry?

Dip. You do no not look as you were so disposed.
You are ill, Amintor—your eyes are heavy—

Ami. 'Tis true!

Enter MELANTIUS, R.

Mel. (*Crosses to him.*) Good day, Amintor: for
to me the name

Of brother is too distant: we are friends,
And that is nearer.

Ami. Dear Melantius!
Let me behold thee.—Is it possible?

Mel. What sudden gaze is this?

Ami. 'Tis wondrous strange!

Mel. Why does thine eye desire so strict a view,
Of that it knows so well?—There's nothing here,
That is not thine.

Ami. I wonder much, Melantius,
To see these noble looks, that make me think

How virtuous thou art! And on the sudden
'Tis strange to me, thou shouldst have worth and
honour;

And not be base, and false, and treacherous—

Mel. Stay, stay, my friend:

I fear this sound will not become our loves.

Ami. Oh, mistake me not:

I know thee to be full of all those deeds,
That we frail man call good.—Yet by the course

Of nature, thou shouldst be as quickly changed
As are the winds—Oh, how near am I
To utter my sick thoughts! (*Aside.*)

Mel. But why, my friend, should I be so by
nature?

Ami. I've wed thy sister, who hath virtuous
thoughts

Enough for one whole family; and it is strange,
That you should feel no want.

Mel. Believe me, this compliment's too cunning
for me!

EVADNE *without, R. U. E.*

Where is my lord?

Ami. Evadne!—Come, my love;

Enter EVADNE, *door in flat, R.*

Your brothers do attend to wish you joy.
(*Evadne between Diphilus and Melantius.*)

Mel. Good-morrow, sister! He, that under-
stands

Whom you have wed, need not to wish you joy!
You have enough;—take heed, you be not
proud.

Dip. Sister! have you no ear for my good-mor-
row?

It shall be merrier, and full as true
As our grave brother's.

Eva. Dear Diphilus, love's smiles
Are ever earnest of its truth, speaking
More pleasantly than sober words, that oft
Beguile us. Your mirth shall have its audience,
With thanks in recompense.

Cle. Lady, if wishes
Could prolong your happiness, it would outlive
All time.

Eva. Your goodness tasks our gratitude
To pay thanks worthy of it.

(*Amintor has gone in melancholy ab-
straction, round the stage, and sunk
into chair. R., Melantius follows
him.*)

Mel. Amintor!

Ami. Ha!

Mel. Thou'rt sad.

Ami. Who, I?—I thank you for that.—Shall
Diphilus, thou

And I sing?

Mel. How?

Ami. Prithee let's.

Mel. Nay, that's too much the other way.

Ami. I am so lightened with my happiness!
Gentlemen!

Would you had all such wives, and all the world,
That I might be no wonder! You're all sad.—
What, do you envy me? I walk, methinks,
On water, and ne'er sink, I am so light.

Mel. 'Tis well you are so.

Ami. Well? How can I be other, when she looks
thus?

Is there no music there? Let's dance.

Mel. Why this is strange, Amintor!

Ami. I do not know myself.

(Crosses to L.)

Eva. Amintor, hark! (*Aside.*)

You do it scurvily;—'twill be perceived.

(*Evadne goes up stage attended by all the lords.*)

Cle. My lord, the king is here.

Enter KING, LYSIPPUS, and STRATO.

Ami. Where?

(*Crosses to R., and throws himself into a chair.*)

Dia. And his brother.

King. Good-morrow, all!

Amintor, joy on joy fall thick upon you!

(*Amintor starts up and supports himself by the chair.*)

Madame, I salute you; you're now another's,
And therein twice the object of our care.

Ha! Melantius!

Whispers have reach'd us, casting doubts, Melantius,

Upon a trusted subject's faith;—you can conceive

My meaning easily; for men that are in fault,
Can subtly apprehend, when others aim
At what they do amiss. But I forgive
Freely before this man.

Mel. I cannot tell

What 'tis you mean;—but I am apt enough

Rudely to thrust into an ignorant fault;—

But let me know it; happily I'st nought

But misconstruction; and where I am clear,

'Twill not take forgiveness from high Heaven,
Much less from you.

King. Nay, if you stand so stiff

I shall call back my mercy.

Mel. I want smoothness

To thank a man for pardoning of a crime

I never knew.

King. Not to instruct your knowledge, but, to show you

My ears are everywhere, you called me tyrant,
And even menac'd me.

Mel. Pardon me, sir;—

My bluntness will be pardon'd:—You preserve

A race of idle people here about you—

Facers and talkers—to defame the worth

Of those that do things worthily;—

(*Strato comes down R.*)

And if I thought you gave a faith to them,

The plainness of my nature would speak more.

Str. Why didst thou not before me say thus much?

Mel. Oh, then it comes from him?

Str. Who should it come from?

Mel. I talk not to him;—

Should the vile tales of such an abject thing,
A cringing, gabbling, eaves-dropper, make a breach

Between your majesty and me? 'Twas wrong

To hearken to him; but to credit him,

At least as much as I have power to bear.—

I have bestow'd

My careless blood with you, and should be loth

To think an action, that would make me lose

That, and my thanks too. When I was a boy,

I thrust myself into my country's cause.

And did a deed, that pluck'd five years from time,

And styl'd me man, then. My heart

And limbs are still the same; my will as great

To do you service. Let me not be paid

With such unkind distrust.

King. Let me take thee

To my arms, Melantius, and believe

Thou art, as thou deserv'st to be, my friend

Still, and for ever.—Amintor (*Crosses to him.*)
cheer thee

Thou art still a bridegroom, and we must use thee so.

You will trust me, will you not, to choose

A wife for you again.

Ami. No, never, sir!

King. Why—like you this so ill?

Ami. So well I like her;—

And if the powers,

That rule us, please to call her first away,

Without pride spoke, this world holds not a wife

Worthy to take her room.

For this I bow my knee in thanks to you,

And lift my hands in prayer, in grateful prayer,

To heaven—

From the deep workings of an o'er-fraught heart

Imploping strict remembrance in its justice

Of all your bounty gives me, and, at its chosen

Time, that 'twill repay the debt I owe you,

Which my life, though stretched through countless ages,

Cannot clear.

King. I do not like this;—

All forbear the room, but you, Amintor.

(*Exeunt Strato, L., the other lords through door in flat, R.*)

I have some speech with you,

Which may concern your after living well.

Ami. He will not tell me, that he has disgraced me! (*Aside.*)

If he do, something heavenly stay my heart,

For I shall be apt to thrust this hand of mine

To acts unlawful.

King. Amintor—something lurks

Beneath your words.—do you suspect me?

Ami. Sir?—

Suspect you?

King. You would suffer me to talk

With fair Evadne, nor have a jealous pang?

Ami. (*After a pause.*) I will not lose a word

On that vile woman. But to you, my king,—

The anguish of my soul thrusts out this truth,

You are a tyrant!

King. How, sir!

Ami. You that can know to wrong, should know how men

Must right themselves: What punishment is due

From me to him, that shall abuse my bed?

Is it not death?

King. Draw not thy sword; thou know'st I cannot fear

A subject's hand.

Ami. As you are mere man,

I dare as easily kill you for this deed,

As you dare think to do it. But there is

Divinity about you, that strikes dead

My rising passions.—Good, my lord the king,

Be silent on it.

King. Thou mayst live, Amintor,

Free as thy king, if thou but turn thine eyes

Away—

Ami. A pander?—Hold, my breast!—A bitter curse

Seize me, if I forget not all respects

That are religious, on another word

Sounded like that; and thro' a sea of sins

Will wade to my revenge, tho' I should call

Pains here, and after life, upon my soul!

Tempt me no more—my senses will not hold—
Monster!—Barbarian! I will not listen to thee!

[Exit, R.]

King. His frantic passion satisfies my heart
Of fair Evadne's truth;—while that is mine
Let this weak boy rage on! Suspects Melantius
Aught?—methinks it is a mask, and not his face,
He shows me. Gods! knew he—sure Amintor
Hath stronger sense of shame, if not of manhood,
Than to be herald of his own disgrace!
If they should plot together!—I'll remove them!
Take danger by the root, and up with it
Before it comes to bear! Its noxiousness
Lies in its baleful fruit. Up with it!—Deep!
Go deep! Leave not a fibre!—They shall die!
Amintor and Melantius both shall die!

[Exit, R.]

SCENE II.—*A room in Amintor's palace. AMINTOR discovered seated at a table, R. ASPATIA disguised as a boy, standing near, L.*

Asp. Is there no service that my love can learn
To do you profit? At first I may be awkward,
But if you deign to teach me, my strong wish
To please will make all labours easy.

Ami. Gentle youth,
Leave me; for beholding thee, in voice and look
So like thy much-wronged sister, my sins
In their most hideous form stand up before me—
But 'tis my fate to bear, and bow beneath
A thousand griefs!

Asp. Are there not some, that I
Could suffer for you?—send me not from you, sir,
For a fault of feature only; I'll stay by you,
If but to weep in silence, when you mourn;
Or I would lull your sorrows with my lute,
And sing to you sometimes, or stories tell,
To win you to a brief forgetfulness
Of all that now disturbs you.—

Ami. I could believe it was Aspatia spoke!—
Wouldst do so much, my boy?

Asp. I would do anything to show
My love:—wander with you in poverty,
And danger,—bear cold and hunger, venture
Life itself, and smiling lay it down
To lengthen yours, or make your sufferings
E'en by one sigh the less.

Ami. I am not worth
Such loyalty, kind youth; tho' I must love
Thee for it; and for Aspatia's sake will ever
Cherish thee.

(*Rising and apart.*) Why should I be thus
wretched?

For aught I know, all husbands are like me;
And every one I talk with of his wife,
Is but a vain dissemler of his woes,
As I am.—Would I knew it! for the rareness
Afflicts me now.—But let me bear my griefs
Hid from the world, that no man's eye perceive
My inward misery.—Oh!

(*Throwing himself into chair, R.*

Enter MELANTIUS, L.

Mel. I'll know the cause of all Amintor's griefs,
Or friendship shall be idle. His distracted carriage
Takes deeply on me; I will find the cause.

I fear his conscience cries, he wronged Aspatia.

Ami. Who's there?—my friend!

Mel. Amintor, we have not
Enjoyed our friendship o' late, for we were wont
To change our souls in talk.

Ami. Melantius, I

Can tell thee a good jest of Strato and
A lady, the other day.

Mel. How was't?

Ami. Why, such

An odd one

Mel. (*Crosses to R.*) Leave us good youth.

[Exit Aspatia, R.]

I have long'd
To speak with you, not of an idle jest
That's forced, but of matter you are bound to utter
To me.

Ami. What's that, my friend?

Mel. I have observed your words

Fall from your tongue wildly, and all your car-
riage,

Like one, that strove to show his merry mood,
When he were ill disposed.—You were not wont
To put such scorn into your speech; or wear
Upon your face ridiculous jollity.
Some sadness sits here, which your cunning would
Cover over with smiles, and 'twill not be.
What is it?

Ami. A sadness here!—what cause
Can fate provide for me, to make me sad?
And I not lov'd thro' all this isle? The king
Rains greatness on me; have I not received
A beauteous lady as my bride, whose heart's
A prison for all virtue? Are not you
(Which is above all joys) my constant friend!—
What sadness can I have?

Mel. You may, Amintor,
Shape causes to cozen the whole world withal,
And yourself too; but 'tis not like a friend,
To hide your soul from me.—'Tis not your nature
To be thus idle.—I have seen you stand,
As you were blasted, 'midst of all your mirth:
Call thrice aloud, and then start, feigning joy
So coldly!—World, what do I here?—a friend
Is nothing.—Heavens! I would have told that man
My secret sins!

Come with a compliment!—I would have have
fought—

Or told my friend "he lied" ere soothed him so!—
Out of my bosom! (*Crosses to L.*)

Ami. But there is nothing—

Mel. Worse and worse!—farewell—

From this time have acquaintance (*going L.*) but
no friend!

Ami. Melantius, stay!—you shall know what it
is.

Mel. See, how you played with friendship! Be
advised,

How you give cause unto yourself to say,
You've lost a friend.

Ami. Forgive what I have done;
For I am so o'ergone with injuries
Unheard of, that I lose consideration
Of what I ought to do.—Oh, oh!

Mel. Do not weep,
What is it?—May I once but know the man
Hath turned my friend thus!

Ami. I had spoke at first
But that—

Mel. But what?

Ami. I held it most unfit

For you to know.—Faith, do not know it yet.

Mel. Thou seest my love, that will keep company
With thee in tears; hide nothing then from me:
For when I know the cause of thy distemper,
With mine old armour I'll adorn myself,
My resolution, and cut thro' thy foes
Unto thy quiet; 'tis I place thy heart

As peaceable as spotless innocence.
What is it?

Ami. Why, 'Tis this—let my tears make way awhile.

Mel. Punish me strangely, Heaven, if he escape Of life or fame, that brought this youth to this!

Ami. Your sister—

Mel. Well said.

Ami. You will wish't unknown,
When you have heard it.

Mel. No.

Ami. Is much to blame,—

And to the King hath given her honour up!

Mel. How is this?

Thou art run mad with injury, indeed:
Thou couldst not utter this else!—speak again,
For I forgive it freely:—tell thy griefs.—

Ami. She's wanton—(I am loath to say the word,
Though it be true.)

And I the chosen cover of her shame!

Mel. Speak yet again, before mine anger grows
Up, beyond throwing down: what are thy griefs?

Ami. By all our friendship, these.

Mel. What, am I tame?

After mine actions shall the name of friend
Blot all our family! and stick the brand
Of wanton on my sister, unrevenged?—
My shaking flesh, be thou a witness for me,
With what unwillingness I go to scourge
This railer, whom my folly hath called friend!
I will not take thee basely; thy sword
Hangs near thy hand; draw it, that I may whip
Thy rashness to repentance.—Draw thy sword!

Ami. Never, never on thee.

Mel. Ye gods! he's base

And fearful!—Thou hast a guilty cause.

Ami. Thou pleasest me:—much more like this—

Mel. Take then more.

To raise thine anger: 'tis mere cowardice
Makes thee not draw;—but I will leave thee dead,
Make thy vile memory loathed, and fix a scandal
Upon thy name for ever.

Ami. No choice is left my honour.

I knew before

'Twould grate your ears; but it was base in you
To urge a weighty secret from your friend
And then rage at it.—I shall be at ease
If I be killed; and if you fall by me,
I shall not long outlive you. (*Advancing on him.*)

Mel. Stay awhile.—

The name of friend is more than family.
Or all the world besides: I was a fool!—
Would I had died, ere known
This sad dishonour! Pardon me, my friend!
If thou wilt strike, here is a faithful heart,
Pierce it; for I will never heave my hand
To thine:—Behold the power thou hast in me!
I do believe my sister is a wanton!

A leprous one!—put up thy sword, young man!

Ami. How should I bear it then, she being so?
I fear, my friend, that you will lose me shortly;
And I shall do a foul act on myself,
Through these disgraces!

Mel. Better, half the land
Were buried quick together. No, Amintor!
Thou shalt have ease.—Oh, this adul't'rous king,
To wrong me so!

Ami. What is it then to me.
If it be wrong to you?

Mel. Why, not so much:
The credit of our house is thrown away;—
But from his iron den I'll waken Death,

And hurl him on this king!—My honesty
Shall steel my sword: and on its horrid point
I'll wear my cause that shall amaze the eyes
Of this proud man, and be too glittering
For him to look on. (*Crosses to R.*)

Ami. I have quite undone my fame.

Mel. Dry up thy watery eyes;
And cast a manly look upon my face;
For nothing is so wild as I, thy friend,
Till I have freed thee. Still this swelling breast!
I go thus from thee, and will never cease
My vengeance, till I find thy heart in peace.

Ami. Stay, stay,—

Mel. I will to death pursue him with revenge.

Ami. Out with thy sword then, and hand in hand
with me

Rush to the chamber of this hated king,
And sink him with the weight of all his sins
To hell for ever.

Mel. 'Twere a rash attempt,
Not to be done with safety. Let our reason
Plot our revenge, and not your passion.
You'll overthrow my whole design with madness.

Ami. I am mad indeed,
And know not what I do.—Yet have a care
Of me in what thou dost.

Mel. Why, thinks my friend
I will forget his honour? or to save
The bravery of our house, will lose his fame?
I'll do what worth shall bid me,—and no more.
Ami. 'Faith I'm sick;—and desperately, I hope.
Yet leaning thus, I feel a kind of ease.

Mel. Come, take again your mirth about you.

Ami. I shall never do it.

Mel. I warrant you.

Ami. Thy love—oh wretched!—Ay, thy love,
Melantius.

Why I have nothing else.

Mel. Be merry then—

Look up—we'll walk together.

Put thine arm here; all shall be well again.

(*Melantius accompanies Amintor off the stage L., and immediately returns.*)

This worthy young man may do violence
Upon himself;—but I have cherish'd him
To my best power, and sent him smiling from me
To counterfeit again. Sword, hold thine edge!
My heart will never fail me. I will wash the stain,
That rests upon our house, off with his blood.

Enter DIPHILUS, R.

Diphilus!—thou comest as sent!

Dip. Yonder has been such laughing!

Mel. Betwixt whom?

Dip. Why, our sister and the king; I thought their
spleens

Would break; they laugh'd us all out of the
room.

Mel. They must weep, Diphilus,

Dip. Must they?

Mel. They must.—

Thou art my brother;—and if I did believe
Thou hadst a base thought, I would rip it out,
Lie where it durst.

Dip. You should not; I would first
Mangle myself, and find it.

Mel. That was spoke

According to our strain.—Come, join thy hands
To mine,

And swear a firmness to what project I
Shall lay before thee.

Dip. You do wrong us both;

People hereafter shall not say, there passed
A bond, more than our loves, to tie our lives
And deaths together.

Mel. It is as nobly said as I could wish,
Anon I'll tell you wonders;—we are wrong'd!

Dip. But I will tell you now, we'll right our-
selves!

Mel. If thou be'st what thou say'st, we'll, my
brother!

This is the night, spite of astronomers,
To do the deed in, that shall either bring
Our banished honours home, or create new ones
In our deaths. Time flies; prepare the armour
In my house; and whate'er friends you can draw
to us,

Not knowing of the cause, make ready too;
Then to the port, and bid my trustiest soldiers,
In secrecy and silence, be prepared
This night to combat for Melantius' honour,
Perhaps his safety.—Be swift, yet cautious—
A word may be our ruin.—Haste, my brother,
To-night we strike the blow, and day is fast
Declining; midnight is the hour—remember!
Haste, Diphilus, the time requires it; haste!

[Exit Diphilus, L.

He must die, and his own sin shall strike him!
My aim can't miss. All that this world calls

happy,
Shameless tyrant, thou'st pilfer'd from me, but
I will redeem

The honour thou hast stolen, or escape
In death the shame on't!—By my revenge I will,
[Exit Melantius, R.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — A room in Amintor's palace;
EVADNE on sofa, E., and six ladies standing
round her, discovered.

Eva. Now, ladies, who has brought a merry
tale

To wake our laughter?

Cle. I should be, madam,
The merriest here, but I have ne'er a story
Worth telling at this time.

Enter MELANTIUS, door c.

Mel. Save you!

Eva. Save you, sweet brother!

Mel. In my blunt eye

Methinks you look, Evadne—

Eva. Come, you would make me blush.

Mel. I would, Evadne;—I shall displease my ends
else.

I would not have your women hear me
Break into commendation of you;—'Tis not
seemly.

Eva. Go, wait me in the gallery.

[Exeunt ladies, door c.

Now speak.

Mel. I'll lock the door first.

Eva. Why?

Mel. I will not have your gilded things, that
dance

In visitation with their Milan skins,

Choke up my business.

Eva. (Rising.) You are strangely disposed, sir!

Mel. Good madam, not to make you merry.

Eva. No; if you praise me, it will make me
sad.

Mel. Such a sad commendation I have for you.

Eva. Brother, the court has made you witty.

And learn to riddle!

Mel. I praise the court for't;

Has it learnt you nothing?

Eva. Me?

Mel. Ay, Evadne.

Eva. Gentle brother!

Mel. 'Tis yet in thy repentance, foolish woman,

To make me gentle.—

Eva. How is this?

Mel. 'Tis base;

And I could blush, at these years, through all

My honour'd scars, to come to such a parley.

Eva. This is sancy!

Look you intrude no more! There lies your
way.

Mel. Thou art my way, and I will tread upon
thee,

'Till I find truth out.

Eva. What truth is that you look for?

Mel. Thy long lost-honour.—Would the gods had
set me

Rather to grapple with the plague, or stand
One of their loudest bolts!—Come, tell me quickly.

Eva. I understand you not. (Crosses to L.)

Mel. Do not play with mine anger; do not,
wretch!

I come to know that desperate fool, that drew thee
From thy fair life. Be wise, and lay him open.

Eva. Unhand me, and learn manners! Such
another

Forgetfulness forfeits your life.

Mel. Quench me this mighty humour—and then
tell me—

Whose wanton are you? for you are one, I know
it.

Let all mine honours perish, but I'll find him,
Tho' helie lock'd up in thy blood! Be sudden!

Eva. Begone!—You are my brother; that's your
safety.

Mel. I'll be a wolf first!—'Tis, to be thy brother,
An infamy below the sin of coward.

Force my swoll'n heart no further. I would save
thee.

Thou hast no hope to 'scape!—He that dares
most,

And damns away his soul to do thee service,
Will sooner fetch meat from a hungry lion,
Than come to rescue thee;—thou'st death about
thee!

Who has undone thy honour—poison'd thy virtue,
And, of a lovely rose, left thee a canker?

Eva. Let me consider. (Crosses to R.)

Mel. Do—whose child thou wert—

Whose honour thou hast murdered—whose grave
open'd—

And so pull'd on high heaven, that in its justice
It must restore him flesh again, and life,

And raise his dry bones to revenge this scandal!

Eva. It had better in my mind let them lie still.

Mel. Do you raise mirth out of my easiness?—
Forsake me then all weaknesses of nature,
That make men women!—Speak, you wanton!

Speak!

Speak truth! (Drawing his dagger.)—

Or, by the dear soul of thy sleeping father,
This steel shall be thy lover!—(Seizes her.) Tell, or

I'll kill thee!

Eva. Help! help!—oh! help!

Mel. By thy foul self, no human help shall help
thee,

If thou criest!—When I have kill'd thee—(as I have
Vow'd to do, if thou confess not) naked,
As thou hast left thine honour, will I leave thee;
That on thy branded flesh the world may read
Thy black shame, and my justice.—Wilt thou bend
yet?
(In the struggle Melantius gets to L., she
on her knees.)

Eva. Yes—yes.

Mel. (Raises her.) Up, and begin your story.

Eva. Oh, I am miserable!

Mel. 'Tis true, thou art!—Speak truth still.

Eva. I have offended:

Noble sir, forgive me. (Kneels.)

Mel. With what secure slave?

Eva. What shall I do?

Mel. Be true, and make your fault less.

Eva. I dare not tell.

Mel. Do not fall back again:—but speak.

Eva. Will you forgive me then?

Mel. Stay—I must ask

Mine honour first—I've too much foolish nature
In me—Speak.

Eva. Is there none else here?

Mel. None, but a fearful conscience; that's too
many

Who is't?

Eva. Oh, hear me gently. It was—the king.

Mel. No more.—My worthy father's and my
services

Are liberally rewarded. King, I thank thee!

For all my dangers, all my wounds, thou hast paid
me

In my own metal:—these are soldier's thanks.

(Crosses to L.)

How long have you lived thus, Evadne?

(Raises her.)

Eva. Too long.

Mel. Can you be sorry for your fault?

Eva. Oh! my brother.

Mel. Evadne—thou wilt to thy sin again!

Eva. First to my grave!

Mel. Would Heaven, thou hadst been so blest!

Dost thou not hate this king now? Prithee hate
him.

Couldst thou not curse him? I command thee,
curse him—

Curse, till the heavens hear, and deliver him

To thy just wishes!

Dost thou not feel within thee a brave anger,

That breaks out nobly, and directs thine arm

To kill this base king?

Eva. All the saints forbid it!

Mel. No: all the saints require it; for heav'n
is

Dishonour'd in him.

Eva. It is too fearful!

Mel. You're valiant in your vice, and bold
enough

To be a wanton, and have your name of mistress

Discourse for grooms and pages—thus far you

Know no fear.

Eva. Good sir!

Mel. Be wise, and do it. Canst thou live, and
know

What noble minus shall make thee? see thyself

Found out with every finger—made the shame

Of all successions—and in this great ruin

Thy brother and thy noble husband broken?—

Thou shalt not live thus!—Kneel, and swear to
help me,

When I shall call thee to it; or by all
Holy in heaven and earth, thou shalt not live
To breathe a full hour longer:—not a thought
Come—'tis a righteous oath. (She kneels.) Give me
thy hands.

And, both to heaven hold up thus, swear by that
wealth

This lustful thief stole from thee, when I say it,
To let his foul soul out.

Eva. Here I swear it:

And all you spirits of abused women

Help me in this performance!

Mel. Enough. (Crosses to L.) This must be known
to none

But you and me, Evadne:—not to your lord,

'Tho he be wise and noble, and a man

Dares step as far into a worthy action

As the most daring:—ask not why—
(Knock at door c.)

Who's there?

Eva. I know not.

Str. (Without, c., knocking.) Gentle lady—Lady

Evadne,

I am from the king.

Mel. (Unlocks door.) Come in then.—Now

Speak your errand.

STRATO enters, door c.

Str. (Confused.) The Lord Melantius!

Mel. Yes.

Her brother, sir. Well!—You are from the king:

What is his gracious pleasure?

Str. Sir—I—

Mel. Why

Do you pause?

We wait the king's behest.

Str. 'Tis for

The lady's ear alone.

Mel. I am her brother,

Sir; the love that binds us, owns no secret

'Twixt us. No trifling: the king has sent you:

Your errand's to my sister:—well; she's there,—

Waiting your master's will:—speak it, and
quickly,

Str. Her lord, Amintor, now is with the king,

On matters of some moment, which require

The Lady Evadne's presence: 'tis his highness'

Will she attend him at the palace.

Mel. Sir, it is

An honour

She'll study to deserve;—obedience is

Our duty.

[Exit Strato, door c.]

Yes, obedience to the voice

Of all-commanding justice!

Eva. Oh, my brother,

Let me not go—

Mel. 'Tis not my purpose: thou

Must stay awhile; the villain lied, Amintor

Is not there. The hour may come, when
brothers,

Husband, friend, will be but names, echoing

Thy frantic shrieks.—There's death abroad!

Evadne, in that hour think upon me:—

Think on thy wrongs committed and endured:

Remember, thou hast sworn—and let this token,

The sacred legacy of murdered honour,

Absolve thee of thy oath to Heaven and me!

(Giving a dagger.)

Farewell.

[Exit Melantius, door c.]

Eva. Would I could say so to my black disgraces!
Oh, where have I been all this time? how friended?

That I should lose myself thus desperately,
And none in pity show me how I wandered?
Now whither must I go? my husband shuns me!
My honest brothers must no more endure me.
No friend will know me—chaste women blush to see me,

And pointing, as I pass, say—"There, there, behold her,

Look on her, little children; that is she,
That handsome lady; mark!"—Oh my sad fortune!

Is this the end I've lived for? There is not
In the compass of the light a more unhappy Creature.

Oh, my lord!

Enter AMINTOR, door c.

Amt. (R.) How now?

Eva. (L.) My much-abused lord! (Kneels.)

Amt. This cannot be. (He turns from her.)

Eva. I do not kneel to live: I dare not hope it.
The wrongs I did are greater—Ah! look upon me
Though I appear with all my faults.

Amt. Stand up.

This is a new way to beget more sorrow:
Heaven knows I have too much—prithoe do not mock me.

Eva. My whole life is so leproous, it infects
All my repentance.—I do not fall here
To shadow, by dissembling, with my tears,
Or to make less, my lord, what my vile will
Hath done.—No, I do not.—I do appear
The same, the same Evadne, drest in the shames
I lived in, and am soul-sick till I have got
Your pardon.

Amt. Rise, Evadne, if this be
Serious, I do forgive thee.

Rise, Evadne. (Raises her.)
I should have killed thee, but this sweet repentance

Locks up my vengeance. It was fate decreed
Our parting. (Crosses to L.) Go, Evadne, and take care

My honour falls no further.

Eva. All the dear joys here, and above hereafter
Crown thy fair soul.—Thus I take leave, my lord,
And never shall you see the foul Evadne,
Till she has tried all honoured means, that may
Set her in rest, and wash her stains away.

[*Exeunt severally, Amintor, L., Evadne, R.*]

SCENE II.—*An apartment in the King's palace, door, L., door c. Table with writing materials, R. v. E., a chair.*

Enter the KING.

King. What are our wishes, if contenting them,
We mar our own content? What are our pleasures,

If they engender cares? Better they ne'er
Were born, than to such progeny give birth!

(Sits down.)

My heart is heavy—sad. Where is Evadne?
She'd cheer it—and it would be sad again! (Rises.)
Gods, but this darkness of my soul is thick!
Why comes Evadne not, to bring me light?
To warm and cheer me? Hark!—It must be she;
Come on my sun! Rise on me! Leave me not

Longer to brood on this oppressive night,
Which looks as tho' 'twould never pass away!
'Tis she!—Come in! Why do you knock?—Come in!
(Knocking at door, L.)
What kept you? I have wanted you!

Enter MELANTIUS, door L.

Mel. (L.) I'm come!

King. (R.) Melantius!

Mel. If Melantius knows his name!

Who knoweth not things as familiar quite,
So time has metamorphos'd them.

King. This calm

Is anything but true!—a quiet sea
Beneath a lowering sky—not to be trusted!
There's storm above, tho' not a wave below,
As yet—as yet! I'm glad my guards are near
'Twas seasonable foresight.—Well, Melantius!

Mel. Well?

King. What's your pleasure?

Mel. What is yours?—I think

You said, when I came in, that I was late—
That you had wanted me.

King. It was not you,

Melantius, whom I wanted.

Mel. No! whom, then?

King. I said, it was not you.

Mel. I say, whom, then?

King. Is it your business?

Mel. Nay, that's known to you,
Who know the business.—Is't my business?

King. No!

Mel. Why, then, suppose it not.

King. What brings you here?

Mel. Business of yours and mine.

King. 'Tis not a time!

Mel. It is a pressing suit.

King. 'Tis not a time!

Mel. What if it be a wretch,
Whom, save a god, none but a king can help!

King. 'Tis not a time?

Mel. It is a time, sir king!
When mercy's to be shown or justice done,
To every man, and most of all a king,
It always is a time!—That is, at least,
It should be so.

King. You have been revelling!—Wine,
Melantius, drowns your proper self in you,
And makes you seem another man.

Mel. Not so.

In wine I am two Melantiuses. I'm twice
As generous, honest, brave. Say, when I'm sober
I'd not take fifty ducats, did you ask me
To do a base deed, then I would not do it
For a hundred! Not myself, when I'm in wine!
In wine men ever are themselves! There's not
That vice, how cunningly so'er wrapp'd up,
But you will find the goblet will unlock it.
How show you in your cups?

King. By your account,
I must seem twice a king.

Mel. Or twice a fiend.

King. How?

Mel. What's amiss? Why start you and change colour?

I did not say that you were not a king;
Tho' men there are as bold.—Just now I sat
In company with one,—which brought me here.

King. Why, what fell out?

Mel. He laid to your account,
Most mighty king, unking-like practices.

King. Who was he?

Mel. Acts so much o' the vein of hell,
That twenty demons could not worse complet!

King. Who was he?

Mel. Such excess of vile offence,
The vilest grade of human trespass yet
Looks down upon it!—As you were my king—
As I had serv'd you from my prime of youth—
My choicest years on your account laid out,—
As for you I had borne captivity,
And shed my blood,—as here a proof or two
Without a tongue can vouch,—As I had borne
Your banner long, before your enemies,—
Most times in triumph, without honour never—
As I had served you much from sense of duty,
Belief of merit more, but most of all—
From love—when such aspersion on your name
Fell like a blight upon a goodly tree,
All blossom—I did feel a wish—

King. What was't?

Mel. To smite!

King. Whom?

Mel. Thee, that gav'st a subject cause—
A man thou'rt born above—whose knee, arm,
blood

Thou hast a right to claim—who gav'st to such,
Right to disparage thee!

King. Right!

Mel. Right—thou vile
And self-debauched king!
Whom look'st thou for
When I came in? Whom look'st thou for, I
say?

King. How dar'st thou ask?

Mel. Have I no right to know?

Thou damned pestilence, that tak'st not one,
But twenty at a swoop!

King. Andacious man!

Where's thy allegiance?

Mel. Where's Evadne's honour?

My sister! Where's her honour, which I left
One crystal, without cloud, flaw, speck? Yea,
more,

A diamond for its weight, and starry fire,
The richest of the brood! I thought it safe.
I left it so: and, pleas'd at my return,
Beheld her give it, as I thought, to young
Amintor's keeping. But she cheated him;
Gave him the empty casket, and confess'd
A thief had got the gem—dishonouring him,
Beyond all parallel; disgracing me,
New, in my hard-worn laurels; by the name
Of her proud father writing such a word
As blasts his son, to look upon that name;
Imputing nature to her mother's womb,
Which, ere it should have owned, that saint had
bless'd

Heaven for the curse of barrenness; and blotting
The bright escutcheons of as clear a race
As ere your kingdom boasted, that no herald,
Howe'er so cunning in his shining art,
Can make them what they were. This—this, sir
king,

This hath my sister done! Palm'd off herself
As a rich bride, fit for my friend to wed,
When all she had was stolen. This she confess'd!
And, when I did demand of her the thief,
That I might glut a brother's vengeance on him,
She said that thou wast he!—Felons must die!
It is the law.

(Drawing his sword and rushing on him.)

King. Would'st kill me?

Mel. Ay! thou monster.

King. Traitor, hold!

Mel. (After a pause.) Lo! king; the man whom
thou hast

Foully wrong'd.

There dost thou kneel, at sight of whom my blood,
Polluted in its richest channels by thee,
Doth run a stream of fire—there dost thou kneel!
The space between my weapon and thy heart
Is traversed in a moment—less—and yet
I cannot take thy life, but as a soldier.

Where is thy weapon?—Is it in the room?

King. It is.

Mel. Then get it—haste.

King. (Going to the door, c.) What ho! there;
treason.

Mel. (Rushing after him.) Nay, then—

Enter STRATO and guards, door c., they seize
MELANTIUS and bear him back, l.

King. My guards—seize him. How stand we
now?

To whom belongs it now to sue? Kneel thou:

Mel. (L.) Not though the block were there. Lo!
there's the sword

I ne'er shall wear again; that ne'er knew spot,
Till in a tyrant's heart, I tried, but failed
To sheathe it.

King. (C.) You do hear—to prison with him!

Mel. And to the rack with thee! the bed, where
groans,

And not repose awaits thee. I defy thee!

[Melantius dragged off, guarded, l. s. e.]

King. (To Strato.) Stay you, and wait a mo-
ment.

(Goes up to table, n., and writes.)

Str. (R.) Thou hast run

Thy course, Melantius—in the king's eye I read
The warrant of thy death.

King. Here, sir. (Gives him a paper.) Despatch:

Straight to the prison, and deliver this

With your own hand—'tis for the governor,

Whom see, despite all let—despatch, I say.

[Exit Strato, E. L.]

My mind's at ease—Melantius dies to-night.

[Exit King, door E.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The antechamber, with an opening in
l. flat, leading to the King's bedchamber. An
open window in R. flat. A door, R. A lamp
burning.

Enter EVADNE, pale, and with a fixed look, and
STRATO, door, R.

Eva. Did you not say—my thoughts were wan-
dering, as

We passed along.—You saw him chained?

Str. I did,

Lady: mine was the office to guard him to
His dungeon.

Eva. Did Diphilus, my brother,
Bear him company?

Str. He is not to be found

Throughout the city: fresh missives were on foot
To seek him out, when, on a gentler embassy
Despatched, I came to lead you hither.

Eva. Has the king retired to rest?

Str. Madam, an hour
ago.

Eva. What is the time?

Str. Near midnight,
Madam.

Eva. Give me the key, sir, and let no one
Be near:—'tis the King's will.

Str. (*Giving the key.*) Your will
Is ever his; to know is to obey it.
I will dismiss the officers who wait.
Madam, good-night.

[*Exit, door, R.*]

Eva. I thank you, sir; good night!

(*Evadne locks the door after him.*)

The night grows horrible, and all around me
Like my black purpose.—Hush!—I feel a stark
Affrighted motion in my blood!—I am
Prepared and resolute to meet the fears
That death can bring; and yet *would it were done!*
I could almost believe my guilty soul
Breathed out a gloom around me, and diffused
A sickening vapour through the wholesome air,
Dimming the blessed lights above me.—Oh!
The conscience of a lost virgin! whither wilt thou
pull me?

To what things, dismal as the depths of hell,
Wilt thou provoke me?—Let no woman dare
From this hour, be disloyal!—'Tis so many sins
An age cannot repent 'em; and so great
The heavens want mercy for; yet I must through
'em;

I have begun a slaughter on my honour,
And I must end it—there! (*Listens at the opening
in flat L.*)—He sleeps!—good heavens!

Why give you peace to this intemperate breast,
That hath so long transgressed you?
I cannot hear him breathe!—He sleeps, as if
He meant to wake no more:—would it were so!
But then my punishment might seem too light
For my o'erweighing sin. The powers above
Make us a great example of their justice
To all ensuing eyes.—Hark?—did he wake?
No—no.—The grave is not more still.—I must
Be sudden.—The oath is yet unanswered
On my soul; and, while I pause, in fearful'st peril
Stands Melantius' life. (*Seizes the lamp.*) A moment
lost
May be too late!—Now—now!

[*Exit Evadne through opening in flat L.*]

SCENE II.—A prison. A door in c. Lamp burning,
suspended from the ceiling. Melantius in chains,
pacing the prison.

Mel. Meet death as you would meet an enemy,
Bravely, with gallant cheer.—Once your account
With gentle heaven's made up. To crouch be-
neath

Calamity, is to play slave to fortune, whose control
The noble still contain. Then, what's a spasm,
A shoot of pain, a minute's lack of breath,
To die in a good cause? But the shame! That
men

Should say he perished on a scaffold! What
Imports it, where a man may die, whose life
Has been above disgrace! My heavy fate!
For hard it is in prime of life and fame
At once to be cut off.—Come when it may
Or, how it may, I'll meet with lightsome heart,
As it becometh a man!

Enter ARCHAS, the jailor, door c., and four more,
who remain near the door on R.

Jai. You're lonesome, sir.
And here are two or three I've brought to you
To keep you company. (*Retiring.*)

Mel. (L.) Who are they, Jailor?
(*Brings him back.*)

Why don't you answer me? What is't o'clock?

Jai. (c.) Past twelve.

Mel. What timely visitors are these
You bring me, at dead of night, when men
Should go to sleep?

Jai. Sir,—

Mel. I'm a soldier, friend.

Jai. I know you are.

Mel. Why shrink you, then, to say
What company is this, you seem with dread
To leave with me?

Jai. With dread?

Mel. You wonder, sir,
At what you know. You're urgent to be gone.—
You breathe not freely, yet your lungs are sound;
You're healthy, and your cheek's of sickly hue:—
And when you look'd upon me now, it was
As one, that says, "God help him" in his heart.—
What are these men? Whence comes it they are
here?

Was't by your own advice you brought them, or
Direction of another? Must I needs
Be solaced with their goodly company?

Jai. They are here by order, sir.

Mel. If that be so,
Then know I why they're here. Good friend, a
word.

You'll stay with me? I would have some one by,
Some human eye to look on what is done.
'Tis drear to die alone a death like this.

(*Archas turning.*)

What! hast not strength to see, what thou
should'st find
I have the strength to bear? Then hie thee
hence.

Yet one request: I pray a cup of wine;
And then good night. You go to bring it me?

Jai. I do.

[*Exit Archas, door c.*]

(*Melantius coolly walks up to the men,
R., and surveys them.*)

Mel. You have seen service

1st Assas. Yes.

Mel. I know it.

A soldier finds a soldier out. A bold
And stirring fellow were you; but you lov'd
Your trade for its worst part. You'd be at home
At sacking of a town. A dog you were
Priz'd for his savageness; one, it were well
None but any enemy came near. Well done;
You've kept your word.

(*To the Jailor, who enters door, c.*)

Jai. (c.) I would I could do more;
You are a gallant man, sir. (*Presenting a cup.*)

Mel. (L.) Is it good?

Jai. The king, sir, has not better.

Mel. Damn—no, no!

He is your master. You have shown me grace;
I'll not give wound to you. Give me the cup.
You've filled it. Thank you.—Friends, good night
to you

This is my parting cup, for love of you ;
I grieve to say we drink no more together.
Good night to the world! Look, jailor, mark the
cup;

Come closer to it. Does it tremble?

Jai. No.

Mel. Art sure it does not?

Jai. Sure.

Mel. Look at the liquor, jailor; it is frail,
And quivers at a breath!—or I mistake,
'Tis solid, motionless. Look in my face;
Couldst guess from it, it is not to a feast
I'm bidden?

Jai. No.

Mel. Remember this, good friend.

And now, good night.

Loth am I, loth to let thee go—but go.

[Exit Jailor, door c.

Come, I shall sell my life. He's welcomest,
That offers boldest for it. Come, thou dog,
I fancy thee. Oh, had I but a sword!

Sol. Upon him, all at once, and down with him.

(They draw their swords.)

All, all at once, I say. Now—

Eva. (Shrieking without.) Open quick, I say.

Mel. My sister's voice!

EVADNE entering with JAILOR, door c.

Eva. (R.) Melantius!

It is not too late.

Remove these men, and straight take off his
chains.

Jai. (C.) Madam:

Eva. You see! your duty's to obey,
(Showing a ring.)

And not to question.

Mel. Is it the tyrant's signet?

(Crosses to Evadne.)

Bloodbounds, your work.

Eva. Melantius, be a man,

And play not the rash boy. Is it not done?

Jai. Here madam, is the order for his death.

(Showing warrant.)

Eva. Here's the command that makes it nothing,
sir.

Unbind him on the instant.

Mel. No.

Eva. Melantius!

Do it, sir.

Mel. Evadne, how is this?

Eva. I say,

Good brother, peace. Let them unshackle thee,

Then question. (They unchain him.) Leave us.
Take these men with thee.

[Exit jailor and the rest, door c.

Mel. Evadne, how is this, I ask again?

How happens it, I see thee mistress here?

How can'st thou by the signet of the king?

Talk not, Evadne, of thy brother's life,

And liberty;—How is it with his honour?

Is that safe? Tell me. Paid'st thou for that
ring

More than the worth of liberty and life?

Hast thou relaps'd. Look at me. Thou can'st
meet

Mine eye, and prisoner art to vice no more.

That it should ever have enthrall'd thee! Oh!

Evadne, one so matchless rich as thou wast

Should ne'er have grown so poor! Ay, hang thy
head,

Thy dowry's gone. Thy jewels, ducats, lands,
Ten thousand brothers with thy brother's love,
Could not replace for thee—but, seeing lost,
Would wish thee too away.

Eva. Thou'dst see me dead!

Hath a swerv'd sister then no use for life?
And wouldst thou wish to see me dead, Melantius,
Because, oh, selfish man, thou lov'st thyself
More than thou lovest me? It is thy pride,
Thy jealous honour, not thy love for me,
That wished thy sister dead. Melantius, why
Wouldst thou refuse thy breast to me, when now
I threw myself upon it, and
Wouldst lock thy arms, and drive me shamed
away,

As thou mine own door had'st shut upon me?

Mel. Sister, this house a tenant hath, to whom
Thou hast done a wrong so shameful, 'twere a
shame

If it did open to thee—

Eva. Brother, no!

If tears are peacemakers with Heaven itself.

But earth, in virtue low as Heaven is high,

In pride of virtue toppeth lofty heaven.

Melantius, thou didst ask me now, if more

I paid to save thy life, and set thee free,

Than life and freedom's worth—I did pay more.

Mel. What!

Eva. Ay, change change colour. Clench thy
hands. Breathe hard,

Let thine eyes start, as from the seats they'd leap.

Set thy lip quivering, as with curses fraught,

More than thy tongue can. I did pay more.

Mel. Wanton!

Eva. A harder word, I prithee.

Mel. Wretch!

Eva. A harder still, my brother

Mel. Murderess!

Eva. Ay, that's the word.

Mel. It fits thee, does it not?

Thy father's, mother's, brother's name; that
slew'st

When thou didst stab thine own.

(Crosses to R.)

Eva. What should I do.

But lull the tyrant? How else set thee free?

Mel. Monster of shame—outshaming shame
itself!

Eva. What seek'st thou for?

Mel. To make a merit of

Thy act of wantonness!

Eva. What seek'st thou for?

Mel. Pernicious wretch!

Eva. What seek'st thou for, I say?

Mel. For what I know I have not; yet, so
want,

I can't believe but it is here.

Eva. Thy dagger?

Mel. Yes.

Eva. Thou wouldst kill me? Here is one, my
brother.

Mel. Give it me—'Tis bloody!

Eva. Is it!

Mel. Reeking yet;

As from a deed new done. Whose gore is it?

The tyrant's? Speak, Evadne.—Hast thou turned

From a lost angel into the wasting spirit

Of retribution? Is it the tyrant's blood?—

Why, sister, dost not speak? and what dost mean

By that unearthly look, as tho' a corpse

Stood there, and glared upon me!—Powers of
grace

Thou changest more and more! The little light
Thine orbs had left, seems gone.—Thy lineament
Grow sharp!—Their hue, that ashy was before,
Looks ashy now to that!—Thy frame contracts,
Like something that was vanishing—substance
now,

Now air!—My heart is cowl'd before thee! where
'Twas all a conflagration, nothing lives
But freezing horror now! Speak, speak, Evadne,
What art thou? Life or death? What art thou?
Speak.

Eva. A murderess!

Mel. Embrace me.—Smile, my sister!

Eva. Lo, an oblation to thy injured honour!

Mel. It is accepted. Smile, Evadne, smile.

Eva. Nor seemed it yet enough. I saw thee by
me,

And when I struck, look'd in thy fiery eye,
To see if thou wast pleased:—'Twas scowling still,
And seemed to say to me,—“Thou work'st by
halves,

Evadne. To no purpose dost thou stay
Thy paramour, if thou remain'st behind,
Follow the tyrant! Follow him!”

Mel. 'Twas a fiend

And not thy brother, so commanded!

Eva. Nay, 'twas thyself; thyself, Melantius, as
Thou look'st that hour upon me, when thy
poniard,

By thy fierce honour on thy sister drawn,
Flashed in her face, like light'ning sent from
heaven,

To strike and melt her sin-encrusted soul!

“Follow the tyrant,” thou did'st seem to say!
Nor did I think thee wrong to wish me dead—
A loathsome worm upon the healthful leaf
Of thy fair honour feeding!—I resolved

To do thy bidding, my Melantius!

Mel. No, not for a thousand worlds!

Eva. Thou'dst have me live?

Mel. Ay, my poor sister!—kiss me!

(She sinks into his arms. Distant shouts.)

Enter AMINTOR and ASPATIA wounded, door c.

Ami. My Melantius!

(Coming down, L.)

Hast thou not heard the shout of liberty?

The city is in arms, thy brother leads the throng!
The tyrant's dead—slain by some unknown hand,
Righteously slain! Lysippus is proclaimed,
And, with a general amnesty begins
A more auspicious reign!

Eva. Is't not Amintor,

My much wronged husband, speaks

Mel. It is, Evadne.

Eva. Bid him draw near—Amintor, where's thy
page?

Ami. The boy is here. (Pointing to Aspatia, L.) A
drop or two of blood

The poorer for his master's sake; my shield
Against my will; he bravely took a blow
Intended for my life.

Eva. No boy is he!—The vain disguise ne'er
blinded me—

That pang;—

Amintor, know Aspatia in thy page

And take her clearance from her enemy.

She never swerved: the tyrant slandered her
To gain his ends with thee.

His dying groans proclaimed her innocence,

And his own guilty practice. I ne'er wronged her.

Ami. Aspatia!

Have I another fault like this to answer?

Eva. Give her thy hand,

When I've released it, which anon, I'll do.

Mel. What mean'st thou, love?

Eva. Melantius, turn thy head,

For I am faint—that I may look on thee.

Turn it full round. I would see all thy face.

My own Melantius! thou'rt my brother still!

Bend thy head towards me. Let me kiss thy
cheek,

Now this, and now thy forehead, dear Melantius,
And didst thou say indeed, thou'dst have me live?

Mel. I did, my sister.

Eva. And wouldst thou love me then?

Mel. My dear, dear sister.

Eva. I'd fain deserve thy love. I would not
live

A blemish in a noble brother's eye,

So swallow'd poison. Brother, I am dying.

Mel. Come, let me bear thee to some place of
help.

Eva. There is no place for me so fit to die
As here.

(Shouts, and a flourish without.)

Enter DIPHILUS, LYSIPPUS, CLEON, DION,
&c., &c., door c.

Dip. (R.) Melantius, thou art free. We are re-
veng'd.

The king himself comes to unloose thy bonds—
Evadne!—

Mel. 'Tis too late. I have no thought

For aught on earth but her.

Lean on me, love; come, my Evadne—

Eva. I must rest here;

My strength begins to disobey my will;

I would fain live now, if I could, Melantius;

Would'st thou have loved me then!

Mel. Alas!

All that I am's not worth one thought of thee.

Eva. Give me thy hand:—my hands stretch up
and down,

And cannot find thee.—Have I thy hand, Melan-
tius,

Mel. Thou greatest blessing of the world, thou
hast,—

Eva. I do believe thee better than my sense,

Oh, I must go.—Farewell! (Dies.)

Mel. She swoons!—help here! For Heaven's
sake, help!

Evadne, speak!—I'll chafe her temples—nothing
stirs.

Some hidden power tell her Melantius calls,

And let her answer me! Evadne! speak!

Oh, she's gone!

Since out of justice, we must challenge nothing,

I'll call it mercy, if you'll pity me,

Ye heavenly powers! and lend, for some few
years,

The blessed soul to this fair seat again!

No comfort comes,—the heavens deny me, too!

Evadne!—my Evadne!

Oh, my heart!

Wilt thou not burst at need—'tis this must

Free thee. (Offers to kill himself.)

Ami. My Melantius!

Dip. Hold, brother! (Disarming him.)

Mel. His spirit is but poor, that can be kept

From death for want of weapons. My murdered
sister,

He, who caused thy death, will ne'er outlive thee.
My sister! my dear sister!

(Throws himself on the body.)

Ami. My poor friend! Remove the body from
him.

Dear Aspatia,
I will not leave thy truth unrecompensed,
If a whole life of grateful love can quit it.
Prince, may this to thee be an example
To rule with temper. For on lustful kings,

Unlooked-for, sudden deaths from Heaven are
sent;

But woe to him that is their instrument!

*Disposition of the Characters at the Fall of the
Curtain.*

LORDS.		LORDS.
CLEON.	DIAGORAS.	MELANTIUS. JAILOR.
DIPHILUS.	EVADNE.	AMINTOR.
LYSIPPUS.		ASPATIA.
R.		L.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DICKS' ENGLISH CLASSICS.

DICKS' SHAKSPEARE, One Shilling. Per post, 6d. extra.—Complete; containing all the great Poet's Plays, 37 in number, from the Original Text. The whole of his Poems, with Memoir and Portrait and 37 Illustrations.

BYRON'S WORKS, One Shilling. Per post, 6d. extra.—A New Edition of the Works of Lord Byron, 636 Pages, 21 Illustrations.

POPE'S WORKS, One Shilling. Per post, 6d. extra.—The Works of Alexander Pope, complete. With Notes, by Joseph Wharton, D.D. Portrait, and numerous Illustrations.

GOLDSMITH'S WORKS, Ninepence. Per post, 3d. extra.—The Works of Oliver Goldsmith, with Memoir and Portrait. New and complete Illustrated Edition.

MRS. HEMANS' WORKS, Ninepence. Per post, 3d. extra.—A new Edition, with Memoir, Portrait, and Vignette.

SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—New Edition of the Poems of Sir Walter Scott. Illustrated.

LONGFELLOW'S WORKS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—New Edition, with Memoir, Portrait, and Frontispiece.

MILTON'S WORKS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—A new Edition, complete, with Memoir, Portrait, and Frontispiece.

COWPER'S WORKS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—A new and complete Edition, with Memoir, Portrait, and Frontispiece.

WORDSWORTH'S WORKS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—A new and complete Edition, with numerous illustrations.

BURNS' POETICAL WORKS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—This new and complete Edition of the Poems of Robert Burns is elaborately illustrated, and contains the whole of the Poems, Life, and Correspondence of the great Scottish Bard.

MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—New and complete Edition, with numerous Illustrations.

THOMSON'S SEASONS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—The works of James Thomson, complete, with Memoir, Portrait, and four Illustrations.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS, Sixpence. Per post, 3d. extra.—A new Translation, complete, with numerous illustrations.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, Illustrated.—Twopence. Post-free, 2d. Unabridged Edition. [REMIT HALFPENNY STAMPS.

DICKS' ENGLISH NOVELS.

Now Publishing, in perfect volume form, price Sixpence, a Series of Original Novels, by the most Popular Authors. Each Novel contains from TEN TO TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. For a Woman's Sake. W. Phillips.
2. Against Tide. Miriam Koss.
3. Hush Money. C. H. Ross.
4. Talbot Harland. W. H. Ainsworth.
5. Will She Have Him? A. Graham.
6. Helms of the Mount. S. Dunn.
7. Counterfeit Coin. Author of "Against Tide."
8. Entrances & Exits. Author of "Anstrutha."
9. Inguretha. Author of "Naomi."
10. Tower Hill. W. H. Ainsworth.
11. Rose & Shamrock. Author of "Lestelle."
12. South-Sea Bubble. W. H. Ainsworth.
13. Nobody's Fortune. Edmund Yates.
14. Twenty Straws. Author of "Carynthia."
15. Lord Lisle's Daughter. C. M. Braeme.
16. After Many Years. Author of "Against Tide."
17. Rachel, the Jewess. M. E. O. Malen.
18. What is to Be. Author of "Twenty Straws."
19. John Trevlyn's Revenge. E. Phillips.
20. Bound by a Spell. H. Rebak.
21. Yellow Diamond. Author of "Lestelle."
22. The Younger Son. Rev. H. V. Palmer.
23. Driven from Home. Erskine Boyd.
24. Naomi. Author of "Rachel."
25. Sweet & Garnished. A. W. Thompson.
26. Jennie Gray. Author of "Against Tide."
27. Lestelle. Author of "Yellow Diamond."
28. Tracked. Author of "Bound by a Spell."
29. Carynthia. Author of "Twenty Straws."
30. Violet and Rose. Author of "Blue Bell."
31. Cost of a Secret. Author of "Two Pearls."
32. Terrible Tales. By G. A. Sala.
33. Doomed. Author of "Tracked."
34. White Lady. Author of "Inguretha."
35. Link your Chain. Author of "Blue Bell."
36. Two Pearls. Author of "Lestelle."
37. Young Cavalier. Author of "Tracked."
38. The Shadow Hand. Author of "Naomi."
39. Wentworth Mystery. Watts Phillips.
40. Merry England. W. H. Ainsworth.
41. Blue Bell. Author of "Link your Chain."
42. Humphrey Grant's Will. Author "Doomed."
43. Jessie Phillips. Mrs. Trollope.
44. A Desperate Deed. By Erskine Boyd.
45. Blanche Fleming. By Sara Dunn.
46. The Lost Earl. By P. McDermott.
47. The Gipsy Bride. By M. E. O. Malen.
48. The Lily of St. Erne. By Mrs. Crow.
49. The Goldsmith's Wife. W. H. Ainsworth.
50. Hawthorne. By M. E. O. Malen.
51. Bertha. By Author "Bound by a Spell."
52. To Rank through Crime. By R. Griffiths.
53. The Stolen Will. By M. E. O. Malen.
54. Poms and Vanities. Rev. H. V. Palmer.
55. Fortune's Favourites. By Sara Dunn.
56. Mysterious House in Chelsea. By E. Boyd.
57. Two Countesses & Two Lives. M. E. Malen.
58. Playing to Win. George Manville Fenn.
59. The Pickwick Papers. By Charles Dickens.
60. Doom of the Dancing Master. C. H. Ross.
61. Wife's Secret. Author of "The Heiress."
62. Castlerose. Margaret Blount.
63. Golden Fairy. Author of "Lestelle."
64. The Birthright. Author of "Castlerose."
65. Misery Joy. Author of "Hush Money."
66. The Mortimers. Author of "Wife's Secret."
67. Chetwynd Calverley. W. H. Ainsworth.
68. Woman's Wiles. Mrs. Crow.
69. Ashfield Priory. Author of "Rachel."
70. Brent Hall. By Author of "Birthright."
71. Lance Urquhart's Loves. Annie Thomas.
72. For Her Natural Life. Mrs. Winstanley.
73. Marion's Quest. Mrs. Laws.
74. Imogen Herbert. Author of "Mortimers."
75. Ladye Laura's Wraith. P. McDermott.
76. Fall of Somerset. W. H. Ainsworth.
77. Pearl of Levonby. By M. E. O. Malen.
78. My Lady's Master. By C. Stevens.
79. Beatrice Tyldesley. By W. H. Ainsworth.
80. Overtaken. By Starr Rivers.
81. Held in Thrall. By Mrs. L. Crow.
82. Splendid Misery. By Colin H. Hazelwood.

Price SIXPENCE; post free, 9d. Except ENTRANCES AND EXITS and NOBODY'S FORTUNE double size, ONE SHILLING. Remit Halfpenny Stamps.

London JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand; and all Booksellers.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Favourite Illustrated Magazines of the Day, for the Home Circle,

BOW BELLS,

Published Every Wednesday, contains

Twenty-four large folio Pages of Original Matter by Popular Writers, and about Twelve Illustrations by Eminent Artists, and is the Largest in the World.

The General Contents consist of Two or Three Continuous Novels, Tales of Adventure founded on fact, Tales of Heroism, also founded on fact, History and Legends of Old Towns, with Illustrative Sketches from the Original Pictures, Complete Stories, Tales, Picturesque Sketches, Tales of Operas, Lives of Celebrated Actresses (past and present), Adventures, National Customs, Curious Facts, Memoirs with Portraits of Celebrities of the Day, Essays, Poetry, Fine Art Engravings, Original and Select Music; Pages Devoted to the Ladies, The Work-Table, Receipts, Our Own Sphinx, Acting Charades, Chess, Varieties, Sayings and Doings, Notices to Correspondents, &c.

Weekly, One Penny. Monthly Parts, Ninepence. Remit Threehalfpence in Stamps, for Specimen Copy.

With the Monthly Parts are Presented:—Fancy Needlework Supplements, Coloured Parisian Plates, Berlin Wool Patterns, Fashionable Parisian Head-dresses, Point Lace Needlework, &c. &c.

ALL THE BEST AVAILABLE TALENT, ARTISTIC AND LITERARY, ARE ENGAGED.

Volumes I to XXXVI, elegantly bound, Now Ready.

Each Volume contains nearly 300 Illustrations, and 640 Pages of Letterpress. These are the most handsome volumes ever offered to the Public for Five Shillings. Post-free, One Shilling and Sixpence extra.

COMPANION WORK TO BOW BELLS.

Simultaneously with BOW BELLS is issued, Price One Penny, in handsome wrapper,

BOW BELLS NOVELETTES.

This work is allowed to be the handsomest Periodical of its class in cheap literature. The authors and artists are of the highest repute. Each number contains a complete Novelette of about the length of a One-Volume Novel.

Bow Bells Novelettes consists of sixteen large pages, with three beautiful illustrations, and is issued in style far superior to any other magazines ever published. The work is printed in a clear and good type, on paper of a fine quality.

Bow Bells Novelettes is also published in Parts, Price Sixpence, each part containing Four Complete Novels, Vols. I to VII, each containing Twenty-five complete Novels, bound in elegantly coloured cover, price 2s. 6d., or bound in cloth, gilt-lettered, 4s. 6d.

EVERY WEEK.—This Illustrated Periodical, containing sixteen large pages, is published every Wednesday, simultaneously with BOW BELLS, it is the only Halfpenny Periodical in England, and is about the size of the largest weekly journal except BOW BELLS. A Volume of this Popular Work is published Half-yearly. Vol. XXVI, now ready, price Two Shillings. Weekly, One Halfpenny. Monthly, Threepence.

THE HISTORY AND LEGENDS OF OLD CASTLES AND ABBEYS.—With Illustrations from Original Sketches. The Historical Facts are compiled from the most authentic sources, and the Original Legends and Engravings are written and drawn by eminent Authors and Artists. The Work is printed in bold, clear type, on good paper; and forms a handsome and valuable Work, containing 743 quarto pages, and 190 Illustrations. Price Twelve Shillings and Sixpence.

DICKS' EDITION OF STANDARD PLAYS.—Price One Penny each. Comprising all the most Popular Plays, by the most Eminent Writers. Most of the Plays contain from 16 to 32 pages, are printed in clear type, on paper of good quality. Each Play is illustrated, and sewn in an illustrated Wrapper. Numbers 1 to 320, now ready.

THE HOUSEHOLD BOOK OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—Price One Shilling. Post free, 1s. 6d. This remarkably cheap and useful book contains everything for everybody, and should be found in every household.

DICKS' BRITISH DRAMA.—Comprising the Works of the most Celebrated Dramatists. Complete in 12 Volumes. Each volume containing about 20 plays. Every Play illustrated. Price One Shilling each Volume. Per Post, Fourpence extra.

BOW BELLS HANDY BOOKS.—A Series of Little Books under the above title. Each work contains 64 pages, printed in clear type, and on fine paper.

- | | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|---|
| 1. Etiquette for Ladies. | 3. Language of Flowers. | 5. Etiquette on Courtship and Marriage. |
| 2. | 4. Guide to the Ball Room. | |

Price 3d. Post free, 3jd. Every family should possess the BOW BELLS HANDY BOOKS.

THE TOILETTE.—A Guide to the Improvement of Personal Appearance and the Preservation of Health. A New Edition, price 1s. or by post, 1s. 1d., cloth, gilt.

London: JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand; and all Booksellers.

MUSIC.

DICKS' PIANOFORTE TUTOR.

This book is full music size, and contains instructions and exercises, full of simplicity and melody, which will not weary the student in their study, thus rendering the work the best Pianoforte Guide ever issued. It contains as much matter as those tutors for which six times the amount is charged. The work is printed on toned paper of superior quality, in good and large type. Price One Shilling; post free, Twopence extra.

CZERNY'S STUDIES FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

These celebrated Studies in precision and velocity, for which the usual price has been Half-a-Guinea, is now issued at One Shilling; post free, threepence extra. Every student of the Pianoforte ought to possess this companion to the tutor to assist him at obtaining proficiency on the instrument.

DICKS' EDITION OF STANDARD OPERAS (full music size), with Italian, French, or German and English Words. Now ready:—

DONIZETTI'S "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR," with Portrait and Memoir of the Composer. Price 2s. 6d.
ROSSINI'S "IL BARBIERE," with Portrait and Memoir of the Composer. Price 2s. 6d.
Elegantly bound in cloth, gilt lettered, 5s. each. Others are in the Press. Delivered carriage free for Eighteenpence extra per copy to any part of the United Kingdom.

SIMS REEVES' SIX CELEBRATED TENOR SONGS, Music and Words. Price One Shilling.
Pilgrim of Love. Bishop.—Death of Nelson. Brahama.—Adelaide, Beethoven.—The Thorn. Shield.
—The Anchor's Weighed. Brahama.—Tell me, Mary, how to Woo Thee. Hodson.

ADELINA PATTI'S SIX FAVOURITE SONGS, Music and Words. Price One Shilling. There be none of Beauty's Daughters. Mendelssohn.—Hark, hark, the Lark, Schubert.—Home, Sweet Home. Bishop.—The Last Rose of Summer. T. Moore.—Where the Bee Sucks. Dr. Arne.—Tell me, my Heart. Bishop.

CHARLES SANTLEY'S SIX POPULAR BARITONE SONGS. Music and Words. Price One Shilling.
The Lads of the Village. Dibdin.—The Wanderer. Schubert.—In Childhood My Toys. Lortzing.
—Tom Bowling. Dibdin.—Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep. Knight.—Mad Tom. Purcell.

* * Any of the above Songs can also be had separately, price Threepence each.

MUSICAL TREASURES.—Full Music size, price Fourpence. Now Publishing Weekly. A Complete Repertory of the best English and Foreign Music, ancient and modern, vocal and instrumental, solo and concerted, with critical and biographical annotations, for the pianoforte.

- 1 My Normandy (Ballad)
- 2 Auld Robin Gray (Scotch Ballad)
- 3 La Sympathie Valse
- 4 The Pilgrim of Love (Romance)
- 5 Di Pescatore (Song)
- 6 To Far-off Mountain (Duet)
- 7 The Anchor's Weigh'd (Ballad)
- 8 A Woman's Heart (Ballad)
- 9 Oh, Mountain Home! (Duet)
- 10 Above, how Brightly Beams the Morning
- 11 The Marriage of the Roses (Valse)
- 12 Norma (Duet)
- 13 Lot Heavenly Beauty (Cavatina)
- 14 In Childhood my Toys (Song)
- 15 While Beauty Clothes the Fertile Vale
- 16 The Harp that once through Tara's Halls
- 17 The Manly Heart (Duet)
- 18 Beethoven's "Andante and Variations"
- 19 In that Long-lost Home we Love (Song)
- 20 Where the Bee Sucks (Song)
- 21 Ah, Fair Dream ("Marta")
- 22 La Petit Fleur
- 23 Angels ever Bright and Fair
- 24 Naught e'er should Sever (Duet)
- 25 'Tis but a Little Faded Flow'r (Ballad)
- 26 My Mother bids me Bind my Hair (Canzonet)
- 27 Coming thro' the Rye (Song)
- 28 Beautiful Isle of the Sea (Ballad)
- 29 Tell me, my Heart (Song)
- 30 I know a Bank (Duet)
- 31 The Minstrel Boy (Irish Melody)
- 32 Hommage au Genie
- 33 See what Pretty Brooms I've Bought
- 34 Tom Bowling (Song)
- 35 Tell me, Mary, how to Woo Thee (Ballad)

- 36 When the Swallows Homeward Fly (Song)
- 37 Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep (Song)
- 38 Beethoven's Waltzes First Series
- 39 As it Fell upon a Day (Duet)
- 40 A Life on the Ocean Wave (Song)
- 41 Why are you Wandering here I pray? (Ballad)
- 42 A Maiden's Prayer.
- 43 Valse Brillante
- 44 Home, Sweet Home! (Song)
- 45 Oft in the Silly Night (Song)
- 46 All's Well (Duet)
- 47 The "Crown Diamonds" Fantasia
- 48 Hear me, dear One (Serenade)
- 49 Youth and Love at the Helm (Barcarolle)
- 50 Adelaide Beethoven (Song)
- 51 The Death of Nelson (Song)
- 52 Hark, hark, the Lark
- 53 The Last Rose of Summer (Irish Melody)
- 54 The Thorn (Song)
- 55 The Lads of the Village (Song)
- 56 There be none of Beauty's Daughters (Song)
- 57 The Wanderer (Song)
- 58 I have Plucked the Fairest Flower
- 59 Bid Me Discourse (Song)
- 60 Fisher Maiden (Song)
- 61 Fair Agnes (Barcarolle)
- 62 How Calm and Bright (Song)
- 63 Woman's Inconstancy (Song)
- 64 Echo Duet
- 65 The Meeting of the Waters (Irish Melody)
- 66 Lo, Here the Gentle Lark
- 67 Beethoven's Waltzes (Second Series)
- 68 Child of Earth with the Golden Hair (Song)
- 69 Should he Upbraid (Song)

London: JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand; and all Booksellers.

DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS

One Penny Weekly The following are now Published.

THE LADY OF LYONS. By Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer.

WILD OATS. By John O'Keefe.

TOM AND JERRY. By W. T. Moncrieff.

OLIVER TWIST. By George Almar.

WOMAN'S WIT. By J. Sheridan Knowles.

"YES" AND "NO." (Two Farces in One) By

C. A. Somerset and Francis Reynolds.

THE SEA-CAPTAIN. By Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer.

EUGENE ARAM. By W. T. Moncrieff.

THE WRECKER'S DAUGHTER. By J. S. Knowles.

ALFRED THE GREAT. By J. Sheridan Knowles.

THE WANDERING MINSTREL and INTRIGUE
(Two Plays in One Number.) By H. Mayhew & J. Poole.

MY NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE and THE MARRIED
BACHELOR. (Two Plays in One Number.) By A. Bulwer
and P. P. O'Callaghan.

ROOKWOOD. By G. Dibdin Pitt.

THE GAMBLER'S FATE. By H. M. Milner.

HERNE THE HUNTER. By T. P. Taylor.

RICHELIEU. By Lord Lytton.

MONEY. By Lord Lytton.

ION. By T. N. Talfourd.

THE BRIDAL. By J. Sheridan Knowles.

PAUL PRY. By J. Poole.

THE LOVE-CHASE. By J. Sheridan Knowles.

GLENCOE. By T. N. Talfourd.

The SPITALFIELDS WEAVER & STAGE-STRUC
(Two Plays in One Number.) By T. H. Bayly & W. Dimond.

ROBERT MACAIRE. By C. Selby.

THE COUNTRY SQUIRE. By C. Dance.

Each Play will be printed from the Original Work of the Author, without Abridgement. To the Theatrical Profession, Amateurs, and others, this edition will prove invaluable, as full stage directions, costumes, &c., are given. Remit penny stamp and receive a copy of upwards of three hundred plays already published.

London: JOHN DICKS, 513, Strand. All Newsagents.

PR
4859
K5B7
1880

Knowles, James Sheridan
The bridal
Original complete ed.

**PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET**

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

